

THIRTY CENTS

JANUARY 17, 1964

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TIME

THE MAGAZINE



Bernard Scharf

GOVERNOR
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VOL. 83 NO. 3

(ESTABLISHED 1923)

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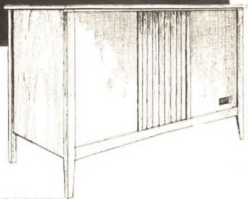
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 15

CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* The major scientific breakthroughs since 1948 discussed by Astronomer Gert Westphal, Maser Inventor Charles H. Townes, Geologist Bruce Heezen, Nobel-Prizewinning Physicist Chen Ning Yang, Nobel-Prizewinning Biochemist Severo Ochoa and *Scientific American* Publisher Gerard Piel.

Thursday, January 16

DR. KILDARE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Yvette Mimieux makes her TV debut as an epileptic with a compulsion for surfing.

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Gloria Swanson as an eccentric recluse suspected of murdering her six-year-old daughter.

Friday, January 17

THE BOB HOPE CHRISTMAS SHOW (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Highlights of Hope's Christmas tour of U.S. military bases in Turkey, Greece, Tripoli, Libya and Italy.

Saturday, January 18

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National Figure Skating championships in Cleveland.

Sunday, January 19

NBC OPERA COMPANY (NBC, 2-4 p.m.). *Lucia di Lammermoor* in English, with Linda Newman, Michael Trimbel and Richard Torrigi. Color.

ONE OF A KIND (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). A special on the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University featuring an interview with Director Wallace E. Stegner.

TWENTY-THIRD BING CROSBY NATIONAL PRO-AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT (NBC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Conclusion of the 72-hole event at the Pebble Beach (Calif.) Golf Club.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A documentary on the invasion of Sicily in World War II.

THE ART OF COLLECTING (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A tour through the private art collections of Nelson Rockefeller, Robert Lehman, Norton Simon, Alexander Girard and John Denman, with interviews of the collectors and narration by Aline Saarinen. Color.

Monday, January 20

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Alan Arkin in a drama called "The Beatnik and the Politicians."

THEATER

On Broadway

THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER. In a triumph of style over substance, this drawing-room comedy pouts some intellectual eyewash about old age as if it were Don Perignon. But playwright Enid Bagnold writes with unflinching grace and literacy, and Margaret Leighton is an actress who can do no wrong.

MARATHON '33, by June Havoc, blends clowns, music, lacerated feet and shrieking noises to prove that life is a grueling test rather like a 3,000-hour dance marathon. In this strange spectacle that suggests new directions for the U.S. theater, Julie Harris

* All times E.S.T.

is put to the test, and her unsparing, child-like ardor makes this one of her finest performances.

NORODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS, by Ronald Alexander. An engaging heel of a writer-producer who even bounces jokes off his twelve-year-old daughter, Robert Preston impersonates a TV "genius" whose career is a castle of balloons—when one is popped, the escaping hot air just fills another.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon. Newlyweds Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford are a handsome enough couple to model for any refrigerator ad, but their apartment—and its visitors—are mad, mad, mad, mad, mad.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE. Under dingy eaves, or in front of bookcases chockful of texts, playwright Peter Shaffer sees the awkward and funny, stuffy and tender sides of people searching for love.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, chides the British lower classes for being docile sheep that raise nary a baa of protest at their lot. The setting is an R.A.F. training camp, and the military gamesmanship is brisk and funny.

LUTHER, more performance than play, is lifted by Albert Finney's acting from the vagueness of its theology to a vital concern for a man whose purpose is more obsessive than sure, but whose impact set the Reformation in motion.

Off Broadway

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This masterly revival of the Euripides classic, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, has brooding eloquence, cyclonic passion and cruel inner hurt. Mildred Dunnock, Carrie Nye and Joyce Ebert deserve the compliment of truth—that they are worthy of the playwright.

IN WHITE AMERICA thoughtfully and evocatively combines a series of dramatic readings to chronicle the Negro's legacy of pain, oppression and denial, from the days of slavery to the present hour.

CINEMA

THE EASY LIFE. Almost as funny as *Divorce—Italian Style*, almost as mordant as *La Dolce Vita*, this brilliant thriller is one of the best Italian movies of 1963: the story of a pesty Quixote (Vittorio Gassman) who grabs himself a solid squire (Jean Louis Trintignant), mounts his sports car, and rides madly away on a quest for nothing at all.

LOVE WITH THE PROPER STRANGER. Made in Manhattan, this pulp-fiction romance about a girl "in trouble" wisely plays down its drama, plays up its gritty humor, and becomes an actor's holiday for Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen and company.

HALLELUJAH THE HILLS. And all hail Adolfs Mekas, a young and impetuous U.S. director who in his first feature film has produced a far-out and very funny farce, the first cubistic comedy of the new world cinema.

NIGHT TIDE. In this promising first film by a young writer-director named Curtis Harrington, a young U.S. sailor is lured toward destruction by a Lorelei who lives under a pier in Venice, Calif.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. A keen Polish thriller with a very sharp point.

BILLY LIAR. In this tragicomic fantasy from Britain, Tom Courtenay gives a matchless performance as an undertaker's

assistant whose dreams are bigger than life. And Julie Christie is a dream come true as his way-out girl friend.

TOM JONES. Henry Fielding's 18th century classic is one of the funniest novels in the language, and Tony Richardson's screen version of the book is one of the funniest films of recent years. Albert Finney is excellent as the hero, and Hugh Griffith is magnificent as Squire Western.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE PROPHET OUTCAST, by Isaac Deutscher. The last and most dramatic volume in this definitive biography of Leon Trotsky, the odd-man-out of the Communist revolution who died as he lived, fiercely but in vain.

THE QUIET ENEMY, by Cecil Dawkins. These seven longish stories about reclusive but exotic people of the inland South have the special power, which usually belongs to poetry, of haunting the mind.

FATHERS TO SONS, edited by Alan Valentine. The real rattlers in this fine and funny collection of letters to famous sons from their fathers are understandably pre-Freudian. Characteristically fatherly is Heinrich Marx's letter to Son Karl: "Instead of writing a lot about Capital, make a lot of Capital."

DON'T KNOCK THE CORNERS OFF, by Caroline Glyn. The great-granddaughter of Elton Glyn makes an early (age 15) start on a literary career, writing about friendships of Byronic intensity and alliances of Renaissance intricacy among the intense little girls at a London primary school.

"WE NEVER MAKE MISTAKES," by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. These two short novels by the author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* concern outsiders in post-Stalin society: an earnest young man who believes Lenin to the letter, and an ancient, impoverished peasant woman.

MR. DOOLEY REMEMBERS—THE INFORMAL MEMOIRS OF FINLEY PETER DUNNE, edited by Philip Dunne. An affectionate portrait of Martin Dooley, the imaginary Irish bartender in Chicago, and his creator, Newspaperman Finley Dunne, who put in Dooley's mouth some of America's best political humor.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. The Hat on the Bed, O'Hara (3)
4. Caravans, Michener (8)
5. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (4)
6. The Three Sirens, Wallace (7)
7. The Living Reed, Budd (9)
8. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (6)
9. The Battle of the Villa Fiorita, Godden (5)
10. Love, Let Me Not Hunger, Gallico

NONFICTION

1. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (2)
2. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (6)
3. The American Way of Death, Mitford (1)
4. Roscoe, North (5)
5. Mandate for Change, Eisenhower (3)
6. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy (4)
7. Dorothy and Red, Shecan (7)
8. The Pooh Perplex, Crews (9)
9. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (8)
10. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (10)

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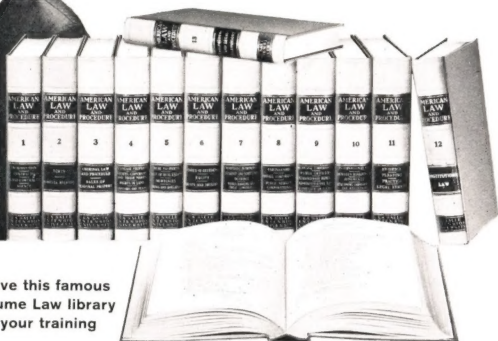
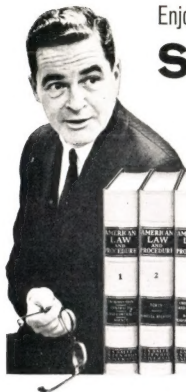
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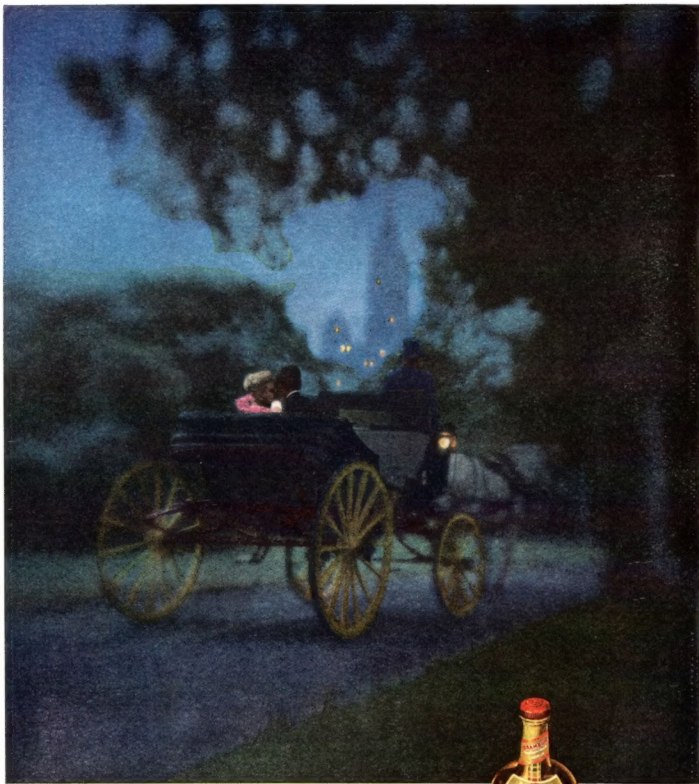
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ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

JOHN ANDERSON—Stone, 48 East 86th. Formerly a logger, this Pratt Institute instructor of sculpture now whittles on his own. Newel posts, finials and bobbins sprout all over his abstract trees or tumble from his table-top cornucopias. These carpenterlike sculptures have a deceptively utilitarian look, like tools and toys for Paul Bunyan, but they are exquisitely appealing. Through Feb. 1.

NORA ORIOLI—D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave. at 82nd. Although she is known in her native Italy as a social realist, Nora Orioli seems more a pleasant genre painter, to judge from these picaresque and pastoral scenes that spring from lean, refracted layers of gloomy paint covered with glaze. Through Jan. 25.

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN—Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave. at 80th. Unlike her husband, the late sculptor Saul Baizerman, Eugenie Baizerman was unrecognized during her lifetime; when she died in 1949, not one of her works had been sold. Exhibitions since then reveal a painter who persistently stuck to the pursuit of color. In 35 oils, watercolors and drawings ranging from 1927 to 1949, her swirling brush paints up an explosion of autumn hues infused with light that magically illumines human figures. Through Jan. 25.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Rosenberg, 20 East 79th. A wealth of French impressionist work in various media ranging from an 1860 Boudin to a 1920 Monet. Other familiar names: Renoir, Degas, Cézanne, Cassatt, Fantin-Latour, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pissarro and Van Gogh. Through Feb. 1.

WHITE ON WHITE—Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave. at 77th. Something old, something new, something borrowed, but nothing blue. Old hands (Nevelson, Albers) and new (Angelo Savelli, Omar Rayo) make the most of a colorless but sometimes surprising marriage by wedding white with white in sculpture, painting and graphics. Through Jan. 25.

FRANK STELLA—Castelli, 4 East 77th. Compared with his black and white pin-stripes, Stella's new deep purple progressions down the geometric mean are a burst into song. He names these paintings for friends, although only one of them is a square. For example his dealer, Leo Castelli, is a triangle. Through Jan. 30.

SCULPTURE WITH SOUND—Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave. at 76th. Synesthetic creations by 27 modern artists titillate both eye and ear with a clattering symphony including Chryssa's *Boozooki*, Bruce Connor's *Tick Tock Jelly Clock Cosmoton*, Allan d'Arcangelo's *Metro-nomes*, Richard Stankiewicz' *Storm Gong*, George Ortman's *Heartbeat*, Alexander Calder's *Three Gongs And Red*, Man Ray's *Indestructible Object*, Robert Rauschenberg's *Dry Cell*, Jean Tinguely's *Radio Drawing*. Through Jan. 25.

ALFRED MAURER and MARSDEN HARTLEY—By the book, 805 Madison Ave. at 68th. Both of these painters were American adventurers who traveled abroad and eventually returned to the U.S. Maurer became a recluse in his father's house and killed himself in 1932; Hartley wrote poetry and wished to be remembered as "the painter from Maine," where he was born and where, in 1943, he died. As these 22 still

lives show, both forged a highly personal style: Maurer a sensuous, solidly constructed cubism; Hartley a rough-hewn primitive expressionism. Through Feb. 15.

AMERICAN PRINTS IN RUSSIA—American Institute of Graphic Arts, 1059 Third Ave. at 63rd. It wowed them in Alma-Ata. It is still a smash hit in Moscow. Now New Yorkers can see what opened the eyes of the Russians: a near-duplicate show of the prints sent by the U.S. State Department in exchange for a Soviet graphic arts show, now in Milwaukee. Woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, colorographs and intaglios by Sister Mary Corita, Ben Shahn, Leonard Baskin, Fritz Eichenberg, Sidney Goodman, Edmond Casarella and 15 other U.S. printmakers show off a revolution in graphic techniques. Through Jan. 21.

MORTON SCHAMBERG—Zabriske, 36 East 61st. Schamberg was among the steely shield bearers of modernism in the Army Show of 1913; five years later, in full battle with academicism and only 37 years old, he died in the great flu epidemic. Through art-nouveau poster painting to the plane geometry of the machine esthetic, Schamberg shared his passion for mechanical things and his studio with Charles Sheeler. For the first time since a memorial exhibition in 1919, New Yorkers can view 20 of his paintings, all on loan. Through Jan. 25.

RAYMOND MINTZ—Rehn, 36 East 61st. Mintz's landscapes abound with bold, nearly abstract forms, symbols of perpetual life and decay, but two figure paintings of excruciating delineation prove he has a realist's eye. Through Jan. 25.

MIDTOWN

FIRST INTERNATIONAL GIRLIE EXHIBIT—Pace, 9 West 57th. Fun and games pop out on the walls, making the Mona Lisa look like a sedate frump and some of Toulouse-Lautrec's old haunts seem like a meeting of mah-jongg players. Ben Johnson's voluptuaries are in the pink, Mel Ramos trots out jungle queens in tiger-skin bikinis, Marjorie Strider shows paintings that project into the 36-Dimension, and Herb Hazeltin delights in garish girdles from the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Andy Warhol's *Blue Girl* (9 ft. by 6 ft.) has a room all to herself, not out of modesty but because she only comes out in ultraviolet light. Through Jan. 25.

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Green, 15 West 57th. This former billboard painter is quite accustomed to seeing and painting things larger than life: his latest three-dimensional work is unfortunately a gross exaggeration. The flat canvases with their toothy grins and giant tire treads had more shock; his newest "new realism" suffers from artificiality. Through Feb. 8.

Down the street at Janis, 15 East 57th, Rosenquist, Jim Dine, George Segal and Claes Oldenburg create "Four Environments." Each artist has a room of his own: Oldenburg, for example, a bedroom, Segal a movie theater. Through Feb. 1.

KENZO OKADA—Parsons, 24 West 57th. When Okada came to the U.S. in 1950 with a full-fledged Tokyo reputation, he turned to abstraction "the Western way." Now he executes his paintings with knives, fingers, rollers and brushes, but their pale images still have a Japanese serenity. Through Feb. 3.

AUSTRIAN EXPRESSIONISTS—St. Etienne, 24 West 57th. A good peek at the southerly, softer version of Teutonic expressionism: 67 watercolors, drawings and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Alfred Kubin, Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Oskar Laske, L. H. Jungnickel, Anton Faistauer, and Herbert Boeckl, along with a rare *Self-Portrait* by the late gifted Richard Gerstl, the second work of the posthumously discovered artist ever to be on view in the U.S. Through Jan. 25.

ON THE MOVE—Wise, 50 West 57th. Throwing switches and turning on paintings is an esthetically cold, if ingenious, game, but a dozen U.S. and European artists amuse themselves anyway by applying physics to esthetics. Things like Len Lyne's tingling, kinetic steel *Fountain* and Agan's movable painting, *Le Grand Cercle*. Through Feb. 1.

JACKSON POLLOCK—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th. The largest assembly—152 paintings and drawings—of the titanic American abstract expressionist ever shown under one roof (see Art). Through Feb. 15. At Griffin, 611 Madison Ave. at 58th: ten of Pollock's early, representational works, most of them painted in 1934. Through Jan. 25.

BEN KAMIHARA—Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave. at 54th. Few artists use pure stagecraft more effectively or pack their interiors with such sultry silence as this Japanese-American figure painter. Twenty-one recent works include new excursions into landscape, inspirations of a trip through Spain. Through Feb. 1.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. Twenty U.S. artists show 39 astringent black-and-white paintings plucked from the usually warmer palettes of such painters as Albers, Hofmann, Pollock, Motherwell and De Kooning. Stripped of color, the ironwork of their composition shows off the tough structure of abstract expressionism. Through Feb. 2.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. Anyone with enough derring-do to push through the wooden tunnels disguising the Met's current disavowal (it's installing air conditioning) will discover:

► Seventy newly acquired prints, including a red-chalk drawing, *Prudence*, by the Dutch master engraver Goltzius; Rembrandt's masterly etching, *Landscape with a Man Sketching* (circa 1655); a rare Goya lithograph, *Men Spitting in Fire*, showing the Spaniard's early use of the medium.

► *The Cubiculum*, a Pompeian bedroom slathered with wall paintings that was buried for 18 centuries under cinders from Mount Vesuvius, dug up in 1900, and only recently restored by the museum.

► Dutch and Flemish paintings, including 33 Rembrandts, and French paintings of the 19th and 20th centuries.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th. The museum's annual weather vane of the winds of contemporary U.S. art shows that nothing that gets into the vocabulary of painting ever gets out: realism in varieties from Social to Pop; expressionism in forms from New York abstract to the tough geometry of hard-edge painting; impressionism from still lifes to mental landscapes. Rather than prove that the wind blows strongest from any compass point, the Annual proves that it is rising everywhere. Through Feb. 2.



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LETTERS

Bucky's Manifest Positives

Sir: I didn't realize until I read your cover story [Jan. 10] that men like R. Buckminster Fuller still existed. What a refreshing breeze and delightful story.

MRS. DONALD HUDSON

New York City



Sir: You might be interested in the accompanying photograph. The chrome sculpture of Fuller, executed by Isamu Noguchi in 1929, seems to have something of the feeling of Artyzbashoff's cover.

DWIGHT PENNINGTON

Kansas City Star
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: I personally can appreciate Fuller and his dome. As a Marine fighter pilot stationed at El Toro, Calif. several years ago, I had maneuvers on a windup island 70 miles off the coast. Well over \$100 million worth of fighter and attack jets landed on this island and were greeted by high winds and dirt. There was no place to sleep, let alone a place for the mechanics to work on our planes. Yet within a few hours, two huge geodesic domes were constructed that withstood all the elements as well as providing hangars for our planes as serviceable as our own back at El Toro, thus proving that delicate, multimillion-dollar jets could operate out of primitive conditions like those in South Viet Nam, or anywhere else in the world.

C. KING
Lieutenant, U.S.M.C.R.

Chicago

Sir: I am deeply grateful for your generous treatment. The myriad of negatives in my first half-century uniquely generated experiences essential to whatever positives are manifest in my last 18 years. However, if my life provided thought else but legends to ultimately inspire Artyzbashoff's cover, my life is fully justified.

BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Rome

Man of the Year

Sir: Something I saw recently, driving home from work, gave me a sleepless night and left me feeling the time had come when I and others like me must declare ourselves on the issue of segregation, integration.

At the corner of a small restaurant near my apartment, seven or eight Negroes sat quietly waiting for service they never received. Outside, a police car stood in readiness. Suddenly the problem had hit, literally, close to home.

I am one of many who have not the courage to join a freedom march, or carry

a placard, or go to jail for a cause. But I can publicly declare the side I am on.

ARLENE DE BEVOISE

Atlanta

Sir: Let me, a white Southerner, praise TIME's selection of the Man of the Year. You may lose subscriptions from the bigots, but you have gained the respect of true Americans.

MARTIN K. PEDIGO

Louisville

Sir: I am presuming on my status as a charter subscriber to TIME to register my protest against your selection of the Rev. Martin Luther King as Man of the Year. I took one look at the cover and threw the magazine in the fire.

TIME's effort to canonize this black Savonarola was a serious misjudgment of public sentiment both North and South.

MARK P. HAINES

Sturgis, Mich.

Sir: On Okinawa beach, D-day-plus-ten, the enemy launched a surprise attack, and I made a quick run with others to a nearby cave on the shore. In my haste I cut my hand on a sharp piece of coral rock. It was a Negro soldier who took a bandage from his own first-aid kit to bind my hand and stem the blood.

DAVID M. LESSER

Newton, Mass.

Sir: So many of us are ignorant of the architects, the surgeons, the bishops and diplomats whose selfless slaps the face of those bigots who brand the Negro as naturally inferior. I was filled with a sense of pride, especially since I am not a Negro, in seeing these men and women proving that the Negro's potential is equal to the white's and must not be wasted.

MICHAEL TRAXSON

Detroit

Sir: The Atlantic salutes you for your forthright appreciation of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. But his "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" also appeared in full in the Atlantic for August 1963.

EDWARD WEEKS
Editor in Chief

The Atlantic Monthly
Boston

Sir: I am a Republican, with white skin, born in Arizona and living in Florida. Martin Luther King's smuggled comments printed in your magazine will be clipped out, framed and hung on my wall. Here is a man with deep devotion to his fellow man. I commend you for your fine choice.

of the Man of the Year. It is a tribute to the Almighty, who made us all, black and white, in his image.

MRS. RICHARD O. WELLS

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir: It was particularly gratifying that you cited Martin Luther King's "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" giving the background and excerpts of this memorable document. Viewing it as a stirring summation of the current conflict, I have, with Dr. King's permission, recently completed a *Canata for Mixed Chorus* based on excerpts of the letter.

PAUL REIF

New York City

Sir: In spite of the consideration due the circumstances under which it was written, I must protest Martin Luther King's statement, "But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim..."

For the information of those interested in accuracy, lynchings are now largely a thing of the past. (There is no intention to defend even one lynching.) Very few Negroes of King's age have ever witnessed a lynching.

Furthermore, during the past 25 years, there has been a revolution in the way Negroes are "treated" in the South.

I believe that time will show that "the Negro revolution of 1963" (due largely to the type of leadership involved) retarded rather than speeded Negro progress.

FRANK WALLACE

Editor and Publisher

Mississippi Journal
Clinton, Miss.

► Since 1900, nearly 1,800 Negroes have been lynched, the last one in 1959.—ED.

Sir: The white people of the South should take Martin Luther King Jr. to their bosom; without his leadership, the emotional racists, black and white, might have directed the revolution of 1963 to a much more violent and tragic conclusion.

MARVIN WACHMAN
President

Lincoln University
Pennsylvania

Sir: Dr. King is one of the best all-round scholars whose studies for Ph.D. degrees I have guided to completion in the last 20 years at Boston University. He was planning and preparing to be a professor of graduate studies in theology. Since taking his doctorate in 1955, he has been offered attractive teaching positions in at least two strong Northern graduate schools of theology. With real sadness he

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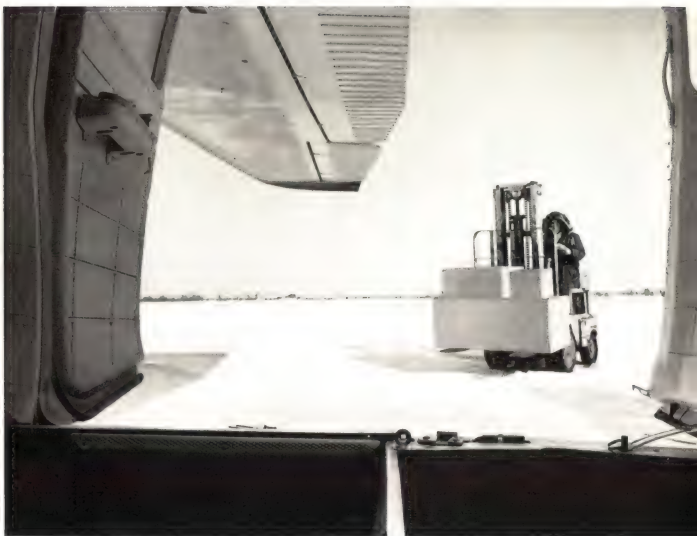
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Hmm. Wings on a truck.

Some time ago we discovered a lot of people had the same shipping problem. They needed to move things in a hurry to out-of-the-way places. But they couldn't.

Trucks were too slow. Airlines were too scheduled, and they didn't reach places like Elk City, Oklahoma.

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He said: "Hmm."

We didn't hear from him for a long time. Then he came back with a model.

"The Super Skywagon," he announced. "Large cargo area; eighty-four cubic feet to be exact. Top speed:

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Then some joker asked him why he took so long to design a flying freighter.

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TIME, JANUARY 17, 1964

A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

THE editors of TIME put a high premium on range and diversity in coverage of the news—from political maneuvers in THE NATION through the bright (and dim) lights of SNOW BUSINESS and the discoveries of MEDICINE to the ideas of THEATER and the thoughts in BOOKS. One way in which that concept is illustrated in this week's issue is the ten editorial color pages produced under circumstances as diverse as their subject matter.

For reproduction of the paintings in AR1, the key problem was correct lighting and precise checking of proofs to make sure that the results were true Pollock. The right angle and the right camera were basic to the MODERN LIVING pictures of Robert Moses' budding New York World's Fair. Anthony Linck took the two-page overall view of the Fair site from a helicopter with a camera built from parts of a Fairchild K-20, a Linhof and a Speed Graphic, with a hood made from a cooking pot off a restaurant steam table. Going to press with the RELIGIOUS color pictures of Pope Paul's pilgrimage was a problem of speed—as well as stamina and a little bit of luck—for a crew of photographers working under the general field guidance of Rome Bureau Chief Robert E. Jackson and Beirut Chief George de Carvalho. Photographer Ben Martin was seized and dragged into St. Anne's



MAGNUSON

SULLIVAN



LEES & ATHENAGORAS



BEN MARTIN

Church by confused guards who, after demanding his film, unthinkingly left him in the church to take the only pictures of the Pope greeting the Orthodox prelates there. To get the picture of the papal procession moving along the street in Bethlehem, J. Alex Langley rented a mosque for \$15 and shot from the roof. For David Lees, the great moment was his historic picture of the kiss of peace between Pope and Patriarch on the Mount of Olives.

In New York, Senior Editor Cranston Jones, who supervises editorial color projects, and Contributing Editor Charles P. Jackson, whose critical eye watches the technical side, felt that they had had quite a week—having gone from Pollock to Pope, with a bow to Moses along the way.

HOUSTON Bureau Chief Mark Sullivan first set foot on Texas soil in August 1959, when he crossed the Red River near Denison and was, somewhat disappointed to see that the Texas side looked the same as the Oklahoma side. In the 41 years since, he has been in virtually every corner of the state, even to Wink, Waxahachie, North Zulch, Buffalo Gap and Muleshoe. What he has found, as he reported for this week's cover story, is that "there are few if any generalities that can be applied to the state as a whole." Writer Ed Magnuson, a Minnesotan transplanted to New York, spent a week in Texas with Correspondent Sullivan, and among his discoveries was that "New Year's Eve in Houston turned out to be no more raucous than it is in St. Cloud." Their story tells a newly curious world about the ayes as well as the nays of Texas.

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Meanwhile, back at the freeway...

Bumper-to-bumper congestion. Bothersome delays. Frayed nerves and rising tempers. The daily rush-hour ordeal grows worse by the year in many metropolitan areas.

But some cities have taken a healthy swing at the problem by encouraging people to leave their cars at home and travel by a new kind of rail transportation: cars designed by Budd. These roomy, invitingly-appointed cars daily speed thousands of nine-to-fivers to and from the city in serene comfort. Passengers arrive at their destinations relaxed and on time, come blizzard or cloud-

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 17, 1964

Vol. 83 No. 3

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

State of the Union

Every few words were underlined for emphasis. Notations in the text said "Pause," "Look right," and "Look left." And like the onetime high school elocution teacher that he is, President Johnson delivered his first State of the Union message in a style that had oratorical flourish without sounding strident.

The President's aim was to convince Congress that his Administration will be frugal. As he revealed the big surprises of his speech, he stared straight out at such economy-minded legislators as Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd and House Republican Leader Charles Halleck. The fiscal 1965 budget that Johnson will send to Congress next week, he said slowly and stressing every word, will "call for total expenditures of \$97.9 billion—compared to \$98.4 billion for the current year, a reduction of more than \$500 million. It will call for new obligatory authority of \$103.8 billion—a reduction of more than \$4 billion below last year's request of \$107.9 billion. It will cut our deficit in half, from \$10 billion to \$4.9 billion."

All this depended, of course, on revenue gains expected from the economic growth to be spurred by the tax-cut bill still pending before Congress. "That tax bill," said the President, "has been thoroughly discussed for a year. Now we need action. The new budget clearly allows it."

The Cutsbacks. The budget had been Johnson's chief preoccupation since taking office. On Sunday, Nov. 24, just two days after he succeeded President Kennedy, he held the first of countless conferences with Budget Director Kermit Gordon. Several days later, the White House let it be known that because of built-in spending increases—about half of them required by legislation passed last year—it would be all but impossible to get next year's budget much below \$103 billion. As late as New Year's Eve, while at his Texas ranch, the President indicated to reporters that his budget probably would come to about \$100 billion.

Where did the extra savings come from? The biggest whack, totaling about \$1 billion, was in Defense Department spending, owing mostly to Defense Secretary McNamara's campaign

for better procurement practices, the shutdown of unneeded military bases, etc. Civilian employment in the Defense Department will go down by 17,000 to 990,000; but because of increases elsewhere, total federal employment will only be cut by 1,200.

The Atomic Energy Commission also gets hit. Said the President in his speech: "We are cutting back on our production of enriched uranium by 25%, shutting down four plutonium piles." It is widely agreed that the U.S. has enough enriched uranium to suit any foreseeable purpose. Still, one argument against such a cutback was that it would mean job losses in places where plants were closed. The President answered that one by telling aides, "We're not going to produce atom bombs as a WPA project."

The Attack. While many other departments and agencies will lose money under the new budget, others inevitably will gain. Among these is the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which will go up by \$50 million to

\$4.5 billion—and even that is not what NASA Director James Webb wants in his effort to get to the moon by 1970.

And then there is poverty in the U.S., against which the President announced a massive—and presumably costly—attack. Said he: "This Administration, today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America . . . The richest nation on earth can afford to win it. The program I shall propose will help that one-fifth of all American families with incomes too small to even meet their basic needs. Our chief weapons in a more pinpointed attack will be better schools and better health, better homes, better training and better job opportunities . . . Our aim is not only to relieve the symptom of poverty, but to cure it, and above all to prevent it."

In other areas, President Johnson urged swift congressional passage of the civil rights bill. "It is a moral issue," he said. "Today, Americans of all races stand side by side in Berlin and in Viet Nam. They died side by side in Korea. Surely they can work and eat and travel



JOHNSON BEFORE CONGRESS

Look right, look left, and stare them straight in the eye.

side by side in their own country." He spent relatively little time discussing foreign policy (though within a few days he was to face his first major foreign crisis—see THE HEMISPHERE). But he drew his longest, loudest applause by turning back on Nikita Khrushchev those words the Soviet Premier must long since have wished he had swallowed. "We intend to bury no one," said President Johnson. "And we do not intend to be buried."

The Test. Congressional reaction to the speech was, as always, divided. "Bravo!" cried loyal Democratic Senate



"FIRST—YOU HAVE TO GET THEIR ATTENTION."

Leader Mike Mansfield. "Great!" said House Democratic Leader Carl Albert. But others thought Johnson's budget was achieved more by mirrors than by meat ax. Said Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen: "I don't go in for financial legerdemain." Said House G.O.P. Leader Halleck: "I hope that the Administration's new-found enthusiasm for economy is as great in June as it is in January." Scoffed House Minority Whip Les Arends: "He promises to give everyone more of everything—at less cost."

The President's speech, said Arends, was "patently a 1964 political campaign document." It was certainly that, and a masterful one. But it was much more. Even if Johnson's budget comes unstuck, as well it may, it will still stand as much-needed recognition of the fact that economy in government is a worthy, indeed a necessary aim.

In his appeal to the voters next fall, President Johnson can (and will) claim a successful legislative record if Congress does nothing more than pass the tax cut and civil rights bills. But perhaps a more realistic test will be found in the way Congress actually follows up on his pledges of frugality. After all, as New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits said last week, "There is an enormous gap between what a Democratic President says and what a Democratic-controlled Congress does."

THE CONGRESS

Also, the Subject of Sex

The 88th Congress, after an eight-day adjournment, returned for its second session—only to be confronted by most of the major legislative items over which it had dawdled during its first session.

One was the civil rights bill. Hearings on the Administration-sponsored measure started in the House Rules Committee, whose canny old chairman, Virginia Democrat Howard Smith, 80, op-

it faces an inevitable Senate filibuster by Democrats.

For that reason, President Johnson last week placed tax-cut legislation ahead of civil rights in the order of congressional business. And Virginia Democrat Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee stepped up its work on the tax bill. Among other things, it approved the two-step corporate income tax cut from 52% to 48% and dumped an Administration-sponsored, House-approved provision forbidding the deduction of state and local gas taxes, auto-



VIRGINIA'S SMITH



NEW YORK'S ST. GEORGE



BROOKLYN'S CELLER

Why is the Empire State Building like a civil rights bill?

poses the bill in its entirety. Peering owlishly above the top of his spectacles, "Judge" Smith labeled the bill "as full of booby traps as a dog is of fleas." He hooted happily at Brooklyn's zealous Emanuel Celler, whose House Judiciary Committee had already cleared the civil rights bill. It had, said Smith, been "railroaded" through the committee.

Celler: That's a rather strong word. We don't railroad anything.

Smith: Would you prefer strong-armed?

Then, taking a new tack, Smith complained that while the bill guarantees against discrimination on grounds of race, it does not forbid discrimination on grounds of sex. Celler answered with the old saw about the French tourist in New York, who when asked what he thought of the Empire State Building, replied that it reminded him of sex. "Why?" asked his guide. "Everything does," said the Frenchman.

Celler vowed he could not recall that sex had ever before been an issue in the civil rights bill. Remark New York's Republican Representative Katherine St. George, the reason might be that sex was "just a dim memory" for the 75-year-old Celler.

Still, Smith has promised that a bill will emerge from his committee and go to the House floor by the end of this month. When and if it passes the House,

mobile- and driver-license fees from federal returns. Estimated annual revenue loss: \$330 million. In his State of the Union message, President Johnson called for tax-cut passage by Feb. 1. A March date seems more likely.

REPUBLICANS

"Let's Go!"

Cried Kentucky's Republican Senator Thruston Morton to some 200 members of G.O.P. national committees in Washington last week: "Get off your various-shaped duffs and let's go!"

This might never become the official G.O.P. campaign slogan, but there was certainly little time left for Republican chair warming. With the national elections only ten months ahead, the party treasury was still \$225,000 in the hole. Republicans must scrape at least \$12 million more to finance the upcoming campaigns. It could well be worth the price. With the civil rights issue still percolating in the South, and John Kennedy's charismatic control over the big-city Democrats gone from the North, Republicans figure 1964 might be ripe for winning a hefty share of the 435 House seats and 35 Senate seats that come up in November.

Worst Grade. But how to beat Lyndon Johnson? In current opinion polls he is running better than two-to-one ahead of any and every G.O.P. con-

tender. Still, Republicans had a new poll of their own that gave them hope. They had asked people across the U.S. to check a series of phrases they thought best fitted the President. Johnson did pretty well in such categories as "has warm personality" (35% thought he did), "has good judgment" (26%) and "is dignified and statesmanlike" (24%). But Lyndon's worst grade came under the heading, "has strong convictions": only 11% thought that one fit.

Thus, in a speech to committee members, National Chairman William Miller (who reaffirmed that he will step down from his job once the G.O.P. nominates a candidate in July) blistered Johnson for his tendency to "ride at least two horses—even three, if that can be managed." Miller recalled that in 1960, while Johnson was running at the same time for Vice President and for reelection to his Texas Senate seat, he supported two conflicting platforms—one from the national Democratic convention, the other from the Texas state convention.

Two Faces. Insisted Miller: "His vice presidential platform favored sit-in demonstrations. His state platform called for 'enforcement of laws designed to protect private property from physical occupation.' His national platform supported federal aid for education. His state platform opposed 'the entry of the Federal Government in the general field of public education.' His national platform favored school desegregation. His state platform pledged 'to protect the decisions of the people of local school districts in the operation and control of their schools.'"

And so, concluded Chairman Miller: "When the eyes of Texas were upon him, Lyndon Johnson's position on many issues was vastly different from that which he took when basking in the gaze of New York or California. In 1964 the eyes of all 50 states will be upon President Johnson. He will find it infinitely more difficult to run as both a liberal and a conservative."

Giving It & Catching It

Opening his campaign for the March 10 New Hampshire primary, Barry Goldwater aimed not at Nelson Rockefeller or any other rival Republican, but squarely at President Johnson.

"You've probably heard that I'm running for President," he said, deadpan, to an Amherst group. "If you've listened to President Johnson's State of the Union address, I think you'll understand why." Johnson, he charged, had "out-Roosevelted Roosevelt, out-Kennedied Kennedy, and even made Harry Truman look like some kind of a piker." Far from having a conservative bent, he said, Johnson "has outliberalized every liberal since 1932."

All but the Prickly Pear. Goldwater continued at a Portsmouth press conference the next day: "My experience with the President in the Senate does not cause me to be impressed by his frugal tendencies." He predicted that Johnson would be "the highest-spending President" in U.S. history, and quipped that the only promise Johnson had not held out to the U.S. was "to make the prickly pear" the national fruit.

What obviously annoyed Barry most was Johnson's statement that President Kennedy had been "a victim of hate"—the persistent Democratic implication being that the hatred was somehow inspired by conservatives. Cried Goldwater: "Immediately after the trigger was pulled, a hate attack against conservative Americans was started by the Communists, and taken up by the radical columnists and kept going. I never use the word 'hate.' I think it is the most despicable word in the English language."

The Missile Flap. Neither was Goldwater appreciative of Democratic defense policy, particularly in its increasing dependence on intercontinental missiles instead of SAC bombers. "I don't feel safe at all about our missiles," he told a press-conference questioner. "I wish the Defense Department would tell the American people how dependable the missiles in our silos actually are. I can't tell you—it's classified—and I'll probably catch hell for saying this."

Sure enough, he did. In Washington, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, without ever once saying flatly that Goldwater's statement was altogether false, protested that he was "shocked"



ROCKEFELLER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE
"A little surprised."

by Goldwater's remark, which he termed "completely misleading, politically irresponsible, and damaging to the national security." Next day Goldwater, a major general in the Air Force Reserve and a longtime Senate champion of the manned-bomber program, called for a Senate investigation of the reliability of ICBMs. "If I am proven wrong," he said, "I will be very pleased and happy to admit it."

So went Candidate Goldwater's first foray into the Currier and Ives landscape of snow-covered New Hampshire. He shook a lot of hands, refused dozens of cups of coffee ("My mother told me I'd never grow tall if I smoked or drank coffee; I'm now six feet tall"), and turned many a well-dressed matron's head with his silver-haired, sun-tanned good looks. As he left the state—a few hours ahead of schedule so as to miss a freezing rain that threatened to ground his chartered DC-3—Barry was certainly in high spirits. "There's more enthusiasm now than before I made my announcement," he said. "If we can just keep this up, I think we have it made."

"On Our Guard"

Addressing the New York state legislature, Nelson Rockefeller sounded every bit as frugal as Lyndon Johnson. Urging fiscal austerity, Rocky promised a balanced budget with "no increase in taxes." Otherwise, his message had a preoccupied air to it, sounding to Albany's Knickerbocker News like "a last-minute fill-in by someone who is going away for a while."

Obviously, Rocky's mind was on bigger things than state legislative affairs. Speaking to Washington's National Press Club, he, too, examined President Johnson's State of the Union speech



GOLDWATER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE
"Not impressed."

* The pear-shaped fruit that grows on opuntia cactus in Goldwater's native Southwest.

and found it wanting—largely on the ground that it dangled promises that “simply will not be delivered at the quoted price.”

Afterward, there was a question and answer session. How would he go about defeating Lyndon Johnson? “I’ve got to get the nomination first.” Would he support Goldwater if the Arizonan were nominated? “I will support any Republican nominated on a good Republican platform, and he will win.” Would he withdraw if he lost the New Hampshire primary? “No, sir. I’m going all the way.”

In a Manchester speech, Rocky even chided Goldwater for relaxing his guard against Communism. “I was a little surprised when Barry Goldwater said on *Meet the Press* that he didn’t think the Communist threat in America was something we really had to worry much about,” said Rockefeller. “I don’t think we can take it that lightly. I think this is something we have to be on our guard about all the time, no matter how much there is talk about coexistence.” Rockefeller recalled an experience in 1945, when he was an Assistant Secretary of State attending the U.N. organizational meeting in San Francisco. At that time, he said, he was the only Assistant Secretary of State there who was briefed daily by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

“I met with them at 7:30 in my room every morning,” he said, “and they told me what was going on because they were the ones who were responsible for security.”

“They came in one morning and said, ‘We’ve got the goods on Alger Hiss.’ This was in ‘45, mind you, long before anything else broke.”

Rockefeller said he had told no one else in the State Department because other officials were suspicious that perhaps he was part of “a fascist organization” within the department.

Among the Others

► Former Vice President Richard Nixon, celebrating his 51st birthday, said of his political role: “I’m staying not on the sidelines but in the thick of the battle.” His main concern, he said, was to see that the G.O.P. gets the “strongest possible candidate,” and to that end he was “prepared to make any sacrifice”—which most observers took to mean that he would give up his law practice and run. Meanwhile, the Gallup poll showed him leading all others as of now.

► Before Washington’s National Press Club, Michigan’s Governor George Romney was asked if he would accept a draft. “I have no way of knowing whether such a demand might develop. It would be presumptuous to assume that it will. However, if it should, like any other concerned American I would have a duty to accept.” Back home, the Detroit News growled: “Governor Romney has impaired his re-election chances in Michigan. He has brought

dismay to a state party just organizing in his image after 14 years of defeat.” Romney replied that his remarks were no more than “the normal reaction of any red-blooded American.”

► Pennsylvania’s Governor William Scranton was having trouble fighting off his followers. He told a Harrisburg news conference: “I’ve been doing a great deal to discourage them. I’ve discovered that some of them have done things without my knowledge, and they’ve heard about it. I think the discouragement is beginning to take effect.” Wrong. Last week the Pennsylvania congressional delegation formally declared its support for him, and Pennsylvania G.O.P. Chairman Craig Truax announced at the same time that he was determined to sell Scranton’s candidacy in other states.

Leave It to Johnny

A few weeks ago the name of John Byrnes, 50, highly respected ten-term Republican Congressman from Wisconsin, was associated with one of ex-Senate Democratic Secretary Bobby Baker’s big-money schemes. Byrnes had helped get a favorable tax ruling for a Milwaukee insurance firm, then at Baker’s urging bought \$2,300 worth of stock, wound up with about 1,100% increase in value. Later Byrnes pleaded innocent in a dramatic House floor speech, promised to give his profits to charity. And last week Byrnes—with the blessing of top Wisconsin Republicans—announced that he would run as a favorite-son candidate in the state presidential primary on April 7.

The idea, said Byrnes, was to prevent a “divisive” party battle in Wisconsin between other G.O.P. presidential hopefuls—most notably Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater. He attached a condition: that the major candidates



WISCONSIN’S BYRNES
A relief to one.

agree to stay out of the state and leave Wisconsin’s 30 delegates committed to him.

They quickly agreed—but one may have made a mistake. For Wisconsin is one state in which Rockefeller might be favored to beat Goldwater. A big factor: Wisconsin law allows the crossing of party lines in its primary voting. Thus a good many Democrats could be expected to vote in the Republican primary—and conservative Goldwater is hardly a Democratic hero. But Rocky—attributing either too much cynicism or too much sophistication to Wisconsin Democrats—figured it another way: he feared Democrats might vote for Goldwater on the theory that Barry would be the easiest Republican candidate for President Johnson to beat. Rockefeller therefore said: “I will respect the wishes of Republican leaders of Wisconsin.”

As for Goldwater, he had been trying to figure a way of staying out of Wisconsin, and now his sigh of relief could be heard across the land. Said he of Byrnes’s favorite-son candidacy: “Because of the peculiar election laws, a Republican is taking his life in his hands if he enters the primary in Wisconsin. I would much rather see Johnny carry the load.”

DEMOCRATS

“Off & Running”

The man on the taped television program spoke haltingly, his face haggard, a toupee over the shaved spot on the right side of his head. “This,” he told his California constituents, “is Clair Engle speaking from Washington, D.C. After consultation with my doctors I am happy to announce that I am a candidate for re-election. The medical men have given me the green light and I am off and running.”

Ordinarily, this announcement would



REPUBLICAN NIXON
“Not on the sidelines.”



CALIFORNIA'S ENGLE & LUCRETTA
A quarry to others.

have been cause for celebration among California Democrats. For liberal Democratic Senator Clair Engle, 52, is immensely popular, and if he were in good health, would be almost certain to win re-election this fall. But last August Engle underwent exploratory brain surgery, and he is plainly far from recovered. State Democrats fear that he cannot stand the campaign pace, that even if he were nominated he might have to withdraw, leaving a last-minute scramble to pick another candidate.

Biding Their Time. At the same time, other possible candidates are leary of announcing against Engle lest they be charged with taking political advantage of his illness. At least three have thus been biding their time. They are Representative James Roosevelt, 56, F.D.R.'s oldest son; State Attorney General Stanley Mosk, 51, best known for the memorable description of Birch Society members as "wealthy businessmen, retired military officers and little old ladies in tennis shoes"; and State Controller Alan Cranston, 49, a leader of the liberal California Democratic Council.

Since Engle's operation, California Democrats trying to see him and learn his plans have been fended off by the Senator or his wife Lucretta. Even Governor Pat Brown was turned away. "I spoke with Senator Engle on the telephone on my last trip to Washington," said the Governor, "and I tried to suggest that he invite me over to see him, but they didn't follow through." Until last week, Engle had dropped virtually from public view, appeared only in a wheelchair at President Kennedy's funeral. There, California State Chairman Eugene Wyman gently asked him his plans, was told only that a decision would be made in January.

The Answer. At week's end, after Engle's announcement, a group of California leaders, including Wyman, finally got to see Engle. They were still uncon-

vinced that he would actually be able to make the Senate race, requested that he provide "all medical facts about his condition" in time for study by the state party executive committee when it meets in Los Angeles next week. If the committee decides that Engle's condition will permit a vigorous campaign, the leaders told him, he will have full-fledged Democratic support; otherwise, California will have an "open" primary. As for Clair and Lucretta Engle, they still remained stubbornly hopeful. She said she sometimes feels "bitter or disillusioned" about the many doubts that have been cast on her husband's recovery. But, she continued, "the answer is performance—and my dearly beloved husband and candidate will provide that performance."

Into the Stratosphere

For as long as hot air holds out, there will be trial balloons in U.S. politics. The device is especially useful in the vice-presidential area. In his 1960 pre-convention campaign, John Kennedy won support from at least half a dozen Democrats by convincing each that he was a likely choice as a running mate. Some, like ex-Governors George Docking of Kansas and Herschel Loveless of Iowa, have hardly been heard of since.

Last week President Johnson seemed to be sending up a trial balloon for Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver. He had asked Shriver, off on a Peace Corps inspection trip, to deliver personal, confidential messages from the President to Pope Paul VI in the Holy Land, to Jordan's King Hussein, and to Israel's Premier Levi Eshkol.

This demonstration of trust set Washington's Veep watchers to beeping. Johnson unquestionably thinks well of Shriver. When he was Vice President, he once sent Shriver a praise-filled letter which ended: "The Peace Corps job

is being not only well done, but extremely well done." Moreover, Shriver is only 48, a Catholic, a liberal, has a Midwestern background—and is married to Jack Kennedy's sister Eunice.

Shriver did no better than fifth in a recent vice-presidential poll among the nation's Democratic county chairmen, and that apparently wasn't good enough for Johnson. So last week, to a surprised group of women reporters at a White House reception, he said apropos of nothing in particular: "I regard Sargent Shriver as one of the most brilliant, most able and most competent officials in government. I regard him as one of my real confidants." And that sent the Shriver balloon soaring up into the stratosphere.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Team's Status

Attorney General Bobby Kennedy said last week that he had agreed to stay on in the Johnson Administration at least through the November elections. This indicated that Johnson would have the active help of the Kennedy political apparatus, which is strongest in the big cities and industrial northeast—where Johnson figures to be weakest. It also aroused speculation about the future of other John Kennedy intimates. Some educated guesses:

► **Appointments.** Secretary Kenny O'Donnell will remain, though he probably will move his base of operations from the White House to Democratic National Committee headquarters. He knows the big cities' bosses, will be helpful to Johnson's campaign.

► **Legislative Liaison.** Aide Larry O'Brien will stay, but switch to strictly political duties later this year. O'Brien is eager to quit his role as middleman between the White House and Capitol Hill, and with Johnson in the driver's seat it is easy to see why.

► **Speechwriter.** Ted Sorensen will depart, probably before year's end, to write his close-in, intimate view of the Kennedy Administration.

► **Press Secretary.** Pierre Salinger, who seems to have become a Johnson favorite, will be around indefinitely.

► **Special Assistant.** Arthur Schlesinger Jr. will bow out, perhaps in March.

► **Special Assistant.** McGeorge Bundy is finding it difficult to adjust to Lyndon after working so closely with Kennedy, may stay through 1964, though that is not certain.

► **Democratic National Committee.** Chairman John Bailey will remain.

► **Presidential Military Aides.** Captain Tazewell T. Shepard Jr. of the Navy and Brigadier General Godfrey T. McHugh of the Air Force will leave soon. Shepard to take command of a ship. McHugh to retire. Johnson wants to cut the number of presidential aides from three to one, will keep only smart, genial Army Major General Chester V. Clifton, the ranking aide.



SHRIVER WITH PREMIER ESHKOL
Veep watchers beeped.

TEXAS

Close to the Land

[See Cover]

"It's too hard to find the ranch if you don't know the country," explained the Governor's press secretary in Austin. "You drive south from San Antonio to Floresville. You turn left on the road to Pleasanton. You go exactly seven miles west out this road. There, at exactly 9:45 a.m., a car will be parked at the side of the road. It will either be a Pontiac or a Land Rover. The Governor will be in it."

He was, Texas' Democratic Governor John Connally wore Western boots, a big felt Stetson, checkered sports shirt, tan twill pants. His right arm, in a cast from the wrist to the elbow, was supported by a black-bandanna sling. "I'll ride with you," the Governor told his visitor. "Turn right and go on down that road. We've got some work to do on these roads, but they aren't as bad as they look."

The hills around Floresville (pop. 2,126) projected gentle arcs of tans and greys against the blue sky. Most of the dull-colored range grass lay dormant, the landscape enlivened only by the greenery of prickly pear cactus. But on the 4,500-acre Connally family spread, the cactus had been routed, mesquite trees dragged out by chain, the land plowed deep, and a lush cover of coastal Bermuda grass planted. "Five years ago, there was nothing here, nothing at all," said Connally. "The land had been all but given up for hopeless. Now it will support up to ten times its former number of cattle, besides being good for cutting hay and for pulling up sprigs of grass to sell to other ranchers."

A herd of fat cattle, their high flanks glowing deep brown in the sun, blocked

the narrow dirt road. "I didn't know they were going to be here," said Connally. "But since they are, let's get out and look at them."

"They are fine heifers—deep-bodied, fine animals. They are the product of Santa Gertrudis heifers bred to Hereford bulls—a fine combination." A young Mexican cowhand drove the cattle from atop a ponylike animal. "It's not a pony at all. It's a Galiceno horse, a direct descendant of the horses the Spaniards brought from Europe. They've got the lines of a thoroughbred in miniature. Look at him go."

Away from Things. The car passed through a gate marked "Four C Ranch." Said Connally: "This is my children's property. The Cs stand for children.^{*} I bought this spread for them, and I like them to come down and use it as much as they can. It's good for a person to get back to the soil, away from things, back here where you can think."

Near an earthen dam squatted a low, one-room camp house where Connally, 46, and his wife Nellie, 44, spend many weekends. Mounted deer heads, shot by the family, adorn the walls. Indian blankets cover the beds. Changing his clothes, Connally stepped out of his trousers, took off his shirt. "Here is where the bullet came in," he said, pointing to a small pink scar on his right side. "That is where it went out. These scars are where they had the tubes. This is where they made the incision." The wounds, of course, came from the snip-

per's fire that killed John F. Kennedy in Dallas on Nov. 22.

Later, the trim, tall (6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs.), grey-haired Texan pointed out some more sights. He waved toward an aging white wooden farmhouse. "This is the family home. My mother still lives here. This is where I lived just before I went away to college. We used to ride horses, work cattle. One of the things that meant the most to me was breaking the land with a turning plow. Believe it or not, that's a fine sensation. You get under a layer of turf with a plow and it's got sort of a crackle as it breaks loose. I used to take off my shoes because the soil behind the plow just felt good to walk in. It had a good feel, good smell. It had a sort of life to it."

Something in Common. John Connally's love of the land is something all Texans seem to share, perhaps because there is so much of it, often stretching to the horizon, unfettered by so much as a fence. Even the trees—mesquite, cedar and scrub oak—shun the sky and hug the land. Except for a handful of city skyscrapers, most buildings, including acres of suburban-tract homes, sprawl rather than climb.

But that sense of closeness to the earth is about all that Texans have in common. The state is so diverse that not even many Texans understand it as a whole. Outsiders think they do, but their notions are nurtured by pulp fiction, Hollywood shoot-'em-ups, and the rapacious oil and cattle barons of Edna Ferber's *Giant*.

Worldwide, Texas has long been one of the best-known U.S. states, a fascinating topic of conversation and argument. Other millions who had given little thought to the state became painfully aware of it on Nov. 22, and Texas will long be remembered—perhaps unjustly—for the events of that day. With Lyndon Johnson catapulted into the presidency, everyone is certain to hear more and more about Texas.

Many of the world's ideas about Texas and Texans—even before Nov. 22—were unflattering. An Australian describes Texans as "flamboyant, loud-mouthed, easygoing exhibitionists." To a resident of Hong Kong, Texas is a "dry, flat land with cowboys and their herds ringing waterholes while city oilmen in ten-gallon hats prop fancy boots on polished desks and flick cigar ashes into deep-pile rugs." A Vietnamese bar girl says: "I have had many Texas fiancés and all give me big presents—but they can be rough." A Londoner's impressions of Texans: "A lot of loudmouthed bigheads telling everyone they've got more than anyone else."

"Pickin' Cow Chips." Even in the U.S., non-Texans tend to share such notions. In fact, many Texans tend to be shy and reticent, mainly because most are only recently removed from rural areas where talk is scarce. If there is one thing the average Texan detests, it is "puttin' on airs." Scoffs one Texas woman about a millionaire who moved

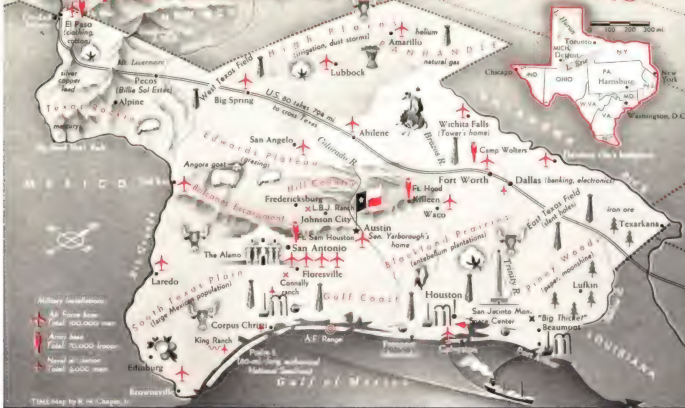
* The children are John III, 17; Sharon, 14; Mark, 11. The oldest child, Kathleen, was married at 16 in 1959. Later that year, according to her youthful husband, he came home one night and found her threatening suicide with a shotgun. He said he tried to take the weapon away from her, and in the scuffle it went off, killing her.



CONNALLY & FAMILY

When you're barefoot, the soil behind a plow feels good.

THE MANY FACES OF TEXAS



to New York: "I don't know why he's puttin' on airs. I remember when we were both pickin' up cow chips for firewood." Much Texas bragging takes the form of understatement. Thus an oilman may say that he owns "just a few lil ol' holes near Tyler"—when everyone knows they bring him millions. Some of the statistical superlatives about Texas actually defy the booster to top them.

Texas is so big that it is 866 highway miles from El Paso to Orange, more than 800 air miles from Brownsville to the northwest corner of the Panhandle. El Paso is halfway between Houston and Los Angeles. Of Texas' 254 counties, 77 are about the same size as Rhode Island. Its 267,339 square miles are exceeded only by the state of Alaska. Texas has the world's largest vegetable farm (at Edinburg), the nation's deepest hole (a 25,340-foot dry well in Pecos County), even the world's largest factory for medical-school skeletons (Gatesville).

Texas industries produce half the nation's supply of synthetic rubber, one-third of its oil, one-fourth of its rice, up to 20% of the world's cotton. Its natural-gas pipelines serve half the U.S. Texas has some 10 million people, ranks fifth among the states in population. It

has an equal number of cattle—more than any other state.

Myth and reality merge in Texas. Past and present, there have always been those characters who are the stuff of legend. One saloonkeeper built a large stone mansion but insisted on an outside privy because "having one of those things in the house strikes me as un-Texan." The oil-rich Tom Slick was convinced that some men had the occult power to make sick cows well merely by thinking about them, hunted oil with "black-box" divining devices, financed expeditions (unsuccessful) to find the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas and the animal that left a legendary footprint in the woods of California. Mrs. Clara Driscoll, a socialite and political manipulator, got so mad at the service in Corpus Christi's White Plaza Hotel that she vowed: "I'll build a hotel right beside the White Plaza. I'll build it taller, and I'll stand on top of my hotel and spit on the White Plaza." She built—and she spat.

Thus almost every myth about Texas has an element of truth. Yet such is the sprawling complexity of the state that no generalization about it, mythborn or otherwise, really stands up. "Texas is so big," says Governor Connally, "that you have to describe it in parts. It is

huge. It is also changing." At the cost of oversimplifying, Connally sometimes talks about "the five worlds of Texas."

Stealing Oil. Among those changing worlds is the northeastern "Blacklands" area, which runs roughly south from the Oklahoma border through Dallas and Waco. There the once aristocratic cotton-plantation society has deteriorated. The goosy black clay that attracted some of the state's first permanent settlers is no longer fertile. Farmers are fleeing to the big cities; their lands taken over by a few big cattle operators who strip the fields, turn it back into pasture, graze huge herds. This is where such oil millionaires as H. L. Hunt, Sid Richardson and the Murchisons hit big money in the 1930s. And it is where the "whipstock," a curving drill stem that steals oil from other wells, was long king.

The "Piney Woods" area, from Beaumont north to Texarkana, is the farthest western reach of the great Southern U.S. pine forests that begin in Virginia and North Carolina. Skinny pines, including a kind rather pleasantly known as the Loblolly, grow thick as weeds over some 35 million acres. The area provides a poor living for its older residents, most of whom crossed the border from Deep South states and are

poorly educated. A majority of Texas' roughly 1,000,000 Negroes live in East Texas, and it is the only area in the state where Negro-white tensions run dangerously high. Moonshining is a major industry (the better distillers drop a cherry into the bottle for color). But far more profitable are the timber and paper-pulp businesses that have sprouted in recent years like the pines themselves.

The "South Texas" area, south of Del Rio, San Antonio and Houston, is diverse, soil-rich and generally booming. Oil derricks and natural-gas fittings rise among the cactus and grapefruit, and offshore in the Gulf of Mexico itself. So many pipes snake between refineries and new petrochemical plants along the gulf that the area has been dubbed "The Spaghetti Bowl." The lower Rio Grande Valley is one of the nation's most productive winter-citrus fruit and truck-gardening sites. The western part of the south plains has huge cattle ranches, including the nation's largest: the million-acre King Ranch. Labor is cheap and plentiful, as thousands of Mexicans cross the border each day to work in Texas. Some cities—such as Brownsville, which overlooks the muddy Rio Grande and is closer to Panama than to New York—have a population up to 75% Latin. There the Texan lapses happily into the easygoing *sieita* life of the Latins. For a good time, country youths point their cars toward

the bridge and the "Boys' Town" bordellos across the border.

Evils of Drink. The northeast "Panhandle" area around Amarillo is legendary as a harsh land smitten by wildly varying climatic conditions. Stories are still told of natives serving in the Navy during World War II and enduring an ice gale on the Murmansk run, saying happily: "God, I'm glad I'm not in Amarillo on a night like this." Actually the winters are often mild, but the Panhandler works from dawn to dusk to keep his cotton crop alive, fights dust storms, drought, pests and cloudbursts. He has no time for frivolity—and even if he did, he would be discouraged by the inveighing of his fundamentalist church against the evils of dancing, cardplaying and drinking. Lubbock, at the southern fringe of the Panhandle, has a population of 150,000, may be the largest U.S. city in which a man can't even buy a legal bottle of beer. Yet the Panhandle is thriving. Ranchers there are drilling as deep as 1,000 ft. to reach water sources, digging irrigation canals, finding cotton more profitable than cattle. Sweeping the plains with mechanized pickers, Lubbock County farmers lead the nation in cotton production.

And then there is "The West"—which, with numerous subdivisions, includes more than half the state, everything west of Fort Worth between the Panhandle and South Texas. This is the country that comes closest to legend.

Unlike the Panhandler, who prays, the rancher of the West spits and swears. Yucca plants, rocks, cactus and sand dull the eye, and the few irrigated cotton fields (like those of Billie Sol Estes' near Pecos) gleam like oases. Here cowboys really wear Levi's or Lee Riders, which are more popular nowadays.

The open emptiness can appall a non-Texan. South out of Alpine toward the Chalk Mountains, Highway 118 beelines for 100 miles. Alpine's grubby houses disappear. Roadside signs vanish. The telephone poles lie behind. There are no gas stations, no passing cars, hardly any vegetation. A cross of sticks tilts above a mound of rock. Who lies there? How long ago did he die? There is death out there in the sand. What if the engine stops? There are only those barren, hot-rock peaks ahead. Apprehension sets in. Turn around. Speed back to Alpine at 80 m.p.h. Ah, a fence of barbed wire. A utility pole. The town. How about a cold beer, miss? Hot today, isn't it?

Yet even in "The West," the cowboy is more apt to ride a Jeep than a saddle. He smokes a filter cigarette, cares little for Bull Durham. He probably owns a gun but almost never carries it. He may be willing to fight if something really bothers him, but not much ever does.

Many authorities debunk those legends of saloon brawls and the fast draw. "As a matter of fact, there were a great many Texans who didn't like fighting, but they didn't make as much noise as the ones who did," explains Austin's J. Frank Dobie, folklore expert and former English professor at the University of Texas. "Cowmen who wanted to make money out of cows didn't hire gunmen; they hired cowboys."

Best-Known Texan. In part of The West, a section called the "Hill Country," near Austin, is the permanent home of the best-known Texan of them all. Standing beneath the tortured limbs of an old oak during his recent trip home, the President of the U.S. pulled his windbreaker tighter, dug his hands into his pockets. "I love sunset and sunrise," he said. "And I see them both every day." He and Lady Bird find life on their 400-acre L.B.J. ranch stimulating. "It's dry country," he explained. "It seems there is always a breeze blowing. And there is always sun here. We don't have dreariness. We don't have those dull grey skies when you look up. Here you have birds singing, flowers growing, girls smiling." Added Lady Bird, who grew up in East Texas: "I fell in love with the Texas hill country before I met Lyndon. It was good courtin' country—a lot of wonderful places for picnics."

Such land deeply affects those who live there. "This is strong country," said Lyndon. "Not only does it produce fearless soldiers and people with great courage, but the grass that grows in the rock has a lot of mineral in it and the cattle that eat this grass are more valuable." Said Lady Bird: "You are both the victim and the friend of nature. It

WEST TEXAS RANCH

NETHERLANDS: BLACK-FOOT



is something to see Lyndon in combat with the land. The land is unrelenting. He is unrelenting." Johnson mounted a frisky filly and helped cut calves from the herd. An old cowhand, watching, said: "That fella's been in the saddle afore." Just then the pony skittered, Lyndon lost a stirrup and grabbed for the pommel. The old fellow added with a twinkle: "... but not fer some time."

Lyndon's father, Sam Ealy Johnson Jr., wrote his own chapter of the kind that gives life to Texas legend. Sixteen years ago, when he lay dying in an Austin hospital, he said to Lyndon: "Get my britches. I'm going home." Lyndon protested. Johnson City, he said, could not provide the necessary medical personnel and equipment that the old man required. Replied his father: "I'm going home where they know when you're sick and they care when you die."

For all its vast, wide-open spaces, the present and the future of Texas almost certainly lie in the quality of life, the industry and creative ideas of its cities. Some 75% of all Texans now live in urban areas; yet most of them retain an affinity with their country cousins.

"New York is 200 years away from its frontier," explains Governor Connally. "Texas is only 50 years from it. Fifty years ago, Texans were riding against Pancho Villa. That's history pretty close by. Here in Texas there is a first generation of city dwellers who understand the country. People who live in cities still know how to work hard, get up early, sew and cook. They still put up provisions and keep vegetable gardens. These are a thrifty people. These are people who say, 'If you don't need it, don't buy it.' Lots of city people, just like country people, have just one good suit for the man and one good dress for the woman to use for going to church."

Pyramids in the Flatness. As with the rural regions of Texas, each major Texas city has a character of its own, alike only in that the skyline of each seems to loom as an irregular pyramid in a desert of flatness. Houston is a lightly governed city that has outstripped all its rivals partly because of its strategic location, partly because its people are free, unself-conscious, build for the pure pleasure of doing big things. Dallas, honestly but rigidly ruled by a business oligarchy, has been fretting about its image since long before Nov. 22. It quarrels with nearby Fort Worth, thumps its chest about its free enterprise—then complains that Houston gets more federal aid.

Fort Worth takes pride in being called a "hick cow town," says that it is "where the West begins." Yet its Armour meat-packing plant has closed, and its stockyards area is almost deserted. Its suburbs are growing, not because of cattle, but mainly because of General Dynamics' aircraft plant. The controversial TFX fighter-aircraft contract is increasing employment at General Dynamics, now at 12,500, by 1,500



BAYTOWN OIL REFINERY & PETROCHEMICAL PLANT NEAR HOUSTON
Fifty years from the frontier, the future lies in the cities.

a year. Businessmen don boots and Stetsons for the annual Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, one of the nation's top rodeos, but have to import Hollywood stars to lure a crowd. The only other time they dress Western is on business trips to Manhattan.

San Antonio, 50% Latin American in population, is a relaxed city of Spanish charm. Instead of erecting ostentatious skyscrapers, it has landscaped the banks of its downtown river, where shoppers can rest or stroll. It glories in its history, proudly displays the Alamo (although cynics have cracked that "if there had been a back door to the Alamo there'd be no Texas today") and a bar in the Menger Hotel where Teddy Roosevelt once recruited his Rough Riders. Its annual fiesta fills a night with color and song, and a \$35 million "Hemisfair" is being planned for the late '60s to boost business. Yet as long as the Federal Government continues to pour \$420 million a year into four nearby air bases and one Army post, why worry about *mañana*?

El Paso is another G.I. town, and even more Latin than San Antonio. Even the Anglos build adobe houses, use Mexican decorations at Christmas and Easter. El Paso has little night life, but its menfolk can walk over to Ciudad Juárez (just as large a city as El Paso), watch bullfights, place legal bets on U.S. horse races at Aqueduct and Pimlico. El Paso realtors get a kick out of selling retirement plots in barren, waterless hills to mail-order dudes in Chicago and New York.

All of the big cities have large slum areas, occupied mainly by low-income Latinos and Negroes—who sometimes feud furiously with each other. Even Austin, the state capital, has its slums but is otherwise a clean-looking city of broad streets, nicely integrated architecture in its state offices, and the University of Texas campus. Austin has two other distinctions: a network of 30 towers, 150 feet tall, which bathe the city in fluorescent moonlight, and a house of prostitution in which the host-

ess, a Negro woman, always seems to be washing collar greens in the sink and the star attraction has a skunk tattooed on each buttock.

The Big Two. There are a number of industrial cities—Beaumont, Freeport, Texas City, Corpus Christi. But Houston and Dallas dominate the state's commerce. Houston (pop. 1,040,000) is now the sixth largest city in the U.S., operates the third busiest port through a 50 mile channel to the Gulf. It is flanked by a \$2 billion complex of oil refineries and chemical plants—petrochemicals have become Texas' biggest single industry. It is home base for moon-bound U.S. astronauts, is already reaping the benefits of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's \$200 million Manned Spacecraft Center, a complex of 49 buildings nearing completion 23 miles south of the city.

Dallas has more glitter than Houston. As the regional headquarters for scores of national corporations, its offices and light industry stretch for miles in spanking new modernistic structures. Industrial areas have such street names as "Dividend," "Profit," and "Currency." The city spurted when East Texas oilfields came in and farsighted local bankers had the courage to lend money on the basis of oil still below ground. Now, in its frantic effort to keep up with Houston, it is building two 50-story office buildings—mostly, it seems, because Houston has the tallest west of the Mississippi in the 44-story Humble Oil Building. Mrs. Edward Marcus, wife of a Dallas Neiman-Marcus executive and an admirer of her city, concedes that Dallasites tend "in this first-generation wealth to put money into things that show. It is not comfortable with its money the way Boston and New York are."

For gaudiness nothing quite compares with Dallas' Cabana motel, owned by the improbable combination of Doris Day and the Teamsters Union. Five fountains jet water 50 ft. into the air under red, yellow and blue lights. A life-sized lobby mural of naked Ro-

mans embroiled in orgy enticements—or repels—the traveler. A Texan can stand tall on the lobby balcony, see 37 images of himself in gold-tinted mirrors. In his room he finds huge mirrors above his bed or covering an entire wall. Yet Dallas also has a good symphony orchestra that is pressing Houston's, its art museum is expanding, some residents have top-flight private collections, "It's a good place to be an American," says J. Erik Jonson, Chairman of the Board of Texas Instruments.

Diverse Politics. Politically, Dallas is the city that spawns notions that Texas is chock-full of ultraconservatives. Statewide, the really radical right has little political power. But it does influence Dallas. Being newly rich, many of its millionaires worry constantly that their money may go just as easily as it came. Their fears are fed by the Dallas

Texas. There is only one who is even in a position to try—the Governor. And though the Texas constitution severely limits his powers (the legislature only recently gave him a degree of control over the state budget), John Connally is determined to act as a catalyst for all of the various worlds of Texas. A blend of folksiness and sophistication, he seems singularly well-equipped for the attempt.

"I'm not trying to play the humble-beginnings record," he says, "but I studied by kerosene. We had no electricity. There were no paved roads. In my childhood, this country was still raw frontier." Connally's grandparents lived in the Floresville area, as did his parents. His father had been a tenant farmer, then ran a meat market and worked as a laborer before the family moved on to San Antonio when John was ten. There his father drove a bus from San Antonio to Corpus Christi, covering the 144-mile, one-way round trip each day.

In the depths of the Depression, Connally's father mustered enough money to send John to the University of Texas, where he studied law, stacked books in the library for 17¢ an hour, picked up pocket money as college campus representative for Beech-Nut Chewing Gum. He ran for student-body president—mainly because it paid \$30 a month—and won. He also met Idanell Brill, a coed who had won such titles as University of Texas Sweetheart, Cactus Beauty and Relay Queen. They were married in 1940.

Either by luck or foresight, Connally hooked up with two extremely helpful men after passing his bar exam in 1938. He became Representative Lyndon Johnson's congressional secretary, won a Legion of Merit as a lieutenant aboard the carrier *Essex* in World War II, managed an Austin radio station, then became attorney for Fort Worth Oil Millionaire Sid Richardson. Tips from Richardson brought Connally a personal fortune of millions through deals in oil properties. The friendship of Johnson, whom Connally served as top strategist in every L.B.J. election campaign since 1937, brought him appointment as Secretary of the Navy under Jack Kennedy.

In Washington, Connally quickly proved himself an able administrator, came to be remarked upon as a tasteful dresser, preferring silky mohair suits, white-on-white shirts—and almost never a ten-gallon hat. His wide travels as Secretary gave him a new view of Texas. "I saw Adenauer in Germany," he recalls, "I saw the emergence of the Common Market. I saw the vitality in Italy. At the Pentagon I saw what education meant, how basic it was, and how lacking Texas was. I looked at Texas, and I saw we were going to miss the boat completely."

Resigning as Navy Secretary in 1962 to run for a two-year term as Governor, Connally won, mainly on a pitch

for better education so that Texas could continue shifting from an agricultural to an industrial economy. "People told me only the well-to-do cared about education. Well, that's wrong. My father cared about his children's education. The laborer cares. The tenant farmer cares. The city man cares. The average man can't send his son to Yale. But he knows his son needs a good education."

"When People Struggle . . ." As Governor, Connally has faced plenty of problems. For all of its talk about frontier self-reliance, Texas is overdependent upon the Federal Government, which pumps some \$3.5 billion into the state annually—a sum greater than its agricultural income. It has 43 active military installations, a figure exceeded only by California. Some 99,000 airmen (14.8% of the U.S.-based Air Force) and 70,000 Army troops (11.4%) are stationed there. Cotton men roll up to Federal Government offices in Cadillacs to vote for cotton subsidies. Elevators bulge with Government-stored grain. Declares University of Texas Historian Dr. Joe Frantz: "The Westerner can rear up on his hind legs and shout that he and he alone wrested that land from the desert or wind or Indian or whatever possessed it. But the truth is that from start to finish he was subsidized from his brogans to his sombrero."

There are some other unpleasant statistics about Texas. It ranks 44th among the states in the literacy of its population over 14 years old, 34th in per capita expenditures of state and local governments for education. It has 93 colleges, most of them too tiny to be good, and only Rice, the University of Texas and Southern Methodist have some top-rate departments. In the 1960 presidential election, Texas ranked 44th in the percentage of voting-age population that bothered to go to the polls. Says Dr. John Stockton, director of Texas University's Bureau of Business Research: "Texas is just not keeping pace with the rest of the country, and there is no getting around it. The people think we are doing fine because we have a great football team at the university. They just don't understand what we need is more brains and not more All-Americans."

Governor John Connally is one Texan who knows well how to separate myth from reality, has precious little patience with any tall tales about Texas superiority. "When people struggle like Texans have, it builds strength of character, some stinkiness, also a provincialism," he says. "The people want better and they want change, but they are very conservative in how to go about it. Texas is really still in the throes of joining up with the rest of mid-20th century America. Our people are demanding it; yet they still don't quite understand it. This vast area of Texas is not here just to be bragged about, but to be used."



CONNALLY & L.B.J. (1957)

A most helpful hookup.

Morning News, which rails against the St. Lawrence Seaway as a socialistic boondoggle—and then pleads for federal help to build a 294-mile Trinity River Canal to make Dallas a seaport. Somehow Dallas manages to reduce most public issues to a simple question: Is it pro- or anti-Communist?

But Texas as a whole is just as varied in its politics as it is in its natural resources. It has one of the nation's most conservative Senators in Republican John Tower. Dallas Republican Congressman Bruce Alger is well to the right of Barry Goldwater. Democrats normally dominate state politics, but they themselves are torn between "liberals" (who nonetheless supported Republican Tower instead of a Democratic nominee from the rival faction) and "conservatives" like Lyndon Johnson and John Connally, who are not conservative at all.

Would-be Catalyst. Obviously, no single man can bring together and coordinate all the conflicting interests of

THE WORLD

INDIA

The Empty Chair

It had been obvious for months that Jawaharlal Nehru was in failing health. He walked unsteadily, had difficulty getting in and out of automobiles, often dozed off while talking to visitors. His voice was frail, his skin puffy and loose. More and more, Nehru was forced to take to his bed with internal disorders. Last week, at 74, he suffered the most serious illness of all, a stroke that left him bedridden and partially paralyzed. Suddenly India was faced with its most pressing leadership crisis since independence in 1947.

Quiet & Subdued. The blow fell in the ancient Hindu temple town of Bhubaneswar, 220 miles southwest of Calcutta, where 10,000 delegates, officials, newsmen and hangers-on were gathered for the Congress Party's 68th annual convention. Bhubaneswar had worn a festive air. Green, white and saffron party flags fluttered from hundreds of flagpoles, and pictures of Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi adorned shop windows. On his arrival, Nehru was so weak that aides had to lift him from a helicopter, and when he finally was able to walk, he shuffled away with back bent and head bowed. At a flag-raising ceremony, his words were almost inaudible. At the first party sessions, Nehru was quiet and subdued. Then he collapsed.

From Delhi, four doctors, including a heart specialist, were flown to his bedside. The first medical bulletins were evasive, referred to overwork and his need for rest. At last the doctors let it be known that Nehru had lost the feeling in his "left limbs," finally admitted that his whole left side was affected. It was, friends admitted, paralysis.

Fearing the political consequences of the Prime Minister's disability, Nehru's closest aides seemed bent on minimizing its seriousness. Indira Gandhi showed up at Congress meetings, announced airily that her father was already sitting up in bed and reading, remarked that he had even disobeyed doctors' orders by taking a bath.

Internal Dissension. As a result, while world headlines talked of India's leadership crisis, the delegates at Bhubaneswar went about their business almost as if nothing had happened. As was expected in advance, the party overwhelmingly reaffirmed its faith in liquor abstinence, the wearing of simple, homespun clothing, and its belief in socialism (though left-wing amendments calling for nationalization of banks and the rice industry were firmly rejected).

On the dais in the main conference hall, the single empty easy chair set aside for Nehru's use symbolized the big problem that now faced India: Who will succeed its stricken leader? The

Congress Party has been racked with internal dissension ever since Nehru last fall asked a number of top Cabinet officers—including Food Minister S. K. Patil, Home Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, and Finance Minister Morarji Desai—to resign, ostensibly to reorganize the party and revitalize its strength among the masses. But it is generally felt that Nehru actually intended the move as a ruse to shake out of the Cabinet all potential contenders for his post. Wise to the scheme, the ousted ministers set about building up personal followings for a succession fight.

None of the top contenders has the following and the mass appeal to rule alone as Nehru has done; instead, they must build a coalition from among the various factions within the party. Once a top favorite, the ascetic, blunt-spoken Morarji Desai, 67, has strong backing among the party's right wing. But he suffered a serious loss of popular support last year when his budget raised taxes to almost prohibitive levels in order to finance the defense effort against Red China.

Mrs. Wilson. Smartest politician in the succession sweepstakes is Patil, 63, the political boss of Bombay and a favorite of conservative business elements. Patil has little love for Nehru, personally favors a more pragmatic brand of socialism more concerned with practical accomplishments than with abstract ideological arguments. Closest personally to Nehru is Shastri, 59, whose primary advantage is that he has fewer enemies than any other candidate. But over the long haul, Shastri is a lackluster personality and a colorless campaigner.

Top Indian government officials feel that as long as Nehru stays alive, he will cling stubbornly to the prime-ministership. With Nehru bedridden, the political position of his daughter Indira has become greatly enhanced. Long a Congress Party troubleshooter and her father's top political confidante, Indira has been privy to more top-level decisions than any of Nehru's subordinates. Since ex-Defense Minister Krishna Menon's fall from grace, she has also spread the extreme left-wing views that Nehru wanted publicized but for political reasons did not want to articulate himself. Indira will be her father's main link to the world outside his sickroom and by screening all his visitors will exert, as did Mrs. Woodrow Wilson during her disabled husband's final months in office, an enormous amount of influence. Congress Party left-wingers are hopeful that an extended convalescence will help promote Indira's candidacy and enable her to broaden her political base.

Speak, Mother India. Yet the question remains as to whether India's domestic problems, which defeated a

healthy Nehru, are not too pressing for an invalid Prime Minister. Population increases still outstrip the rise in national income, and more than 75% of the country's 450 million people are illiterate. Government machinery is so cumbersome that for a tragic length of time a cholera epidemic in West Bengal went virtually unattended. Three-quarters of the population lives on less than 20¢ a day, food is short, prices are rising, and the third Five-Year Plan is foundering. Land reform is only partially implemented, and many basic industries are half idle.

At week's end, the decision was made to keep Nehru in warm, semitropical Bhubaneswar for a few more days rather



INDIRA & NEHRU AT BHUBANESWAR
First bulletins were evasive.

er than risk moving him to New Delhi. When he returns to the capital, declared aides, the airport will be closed and photographers barred, for India's revered leader would probably return on a stretcher. Meanwhile, Nehru surrendered control of government administration to two of his Cabinet Ministers—Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda and Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari.

Having known no other leader since Gandhi, the Indian people were reluctant to speculate about the eventual succession. Newspapers at first played down the illness story, dutifully printed only the official medical bulletins. But a Calcutta paper dared to do more than wish Nehru well. "Please retire," the paper pleaded. "For a full 50 years, India's millions have accepted your directives. Now you must listen to their fervent appeal. If Mother India could speak, she would urge you affectionately. 'My restless son, don't tire yourself any more.'"

CEYLON

Leftward Lurch

"Nothing happens," a British governor of Ceylon once complained: "The sun shines in the morning, and sometimes it rains in the evening." Those days are gone forever. Currently, a lot is happening in Ceylon, most of it ruinous. Declared a top government economist: "We've always lived well and without worry. Even the more humble people could pick a pineapple or coconut and catch a few fish. But now we're in real trouble."

No Sarongs. Responsible for the mess is the floundering leftist regime of Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, 47, who became the world's first elected female chief of government in 1960 after the assassination of her Prime Minister husband, Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike. Swept into office on a tide of emotion, the widow is quickly depleting an inheritance of good will.

Campaigning in a parliamentary by-election, Mrs. Bandaranaike ventured into the countryside, where she had once been a virtual mother image. Now, angered by the acute textile shortage that grips the nation, villagers greeted her by appearing in plain breechcloth instead of their usual sarongs and saris. When the votes were counted last week, the government candidate ran a poor third, reducing her bitterly divided Sri Lanka Freedom Party to 77 seats in the 157-member Parliament. To stay in power, the Prime Minister—who is also her own Minister of Defense, Foreign Affairs and Information—has increasingly relied on the votes of assorted Marxists, Trotskyites and Communists.

Pressure from the radical left has forced Ceylon closer to the Red trade orbit, caused economic chaos. The severe textile shortage is largely the result of a policy that limits most imports of cloth to Russia, Poland and Red China. Other restrictions have boosted the price of potatoes, dal (a tropical pea) and cabbage by 50% to 100%.

Cash Shortage. The most serious crisis is a three-month strike for higher wages by 1,500 clerks on the Colombo docks, which has mushroomed into a sympathy walkout by more than 13,000 other white-collar workers. Warehouses bulge with millions of pounds of unsold rubber and tea. Many of the vast plantations cannot meet their weekly payrolls because they are short of cash. Foreign trade is at a virtual standstill. As the Cabinet leveled a back-to-work ultimatum at the strikers last week, Colombo buzzed with rumors that Mrs. Bandaranaike could only remain in office by declaring a state of national emergency.

Meanwhile, the leftward lurch continues. The island's new chief source of oil is the Soviet bloc, following the seizure of three U.S. and British firms (Esso, Caltex, Burmah-Shell) and the creation of a government oil combine. The Western companies have not been paid a cent for their properties worth

\$29.5 million; as a result, the U.S. has canceled further economic aid to Ceylon after doling out a yearly average of \$7.5 million over the last decade.

Keep It Flying. The frenzy of socialization has spawned 15 government-operated enterprises; only one, the cement trust, is earning a clear profit. Air Ceylon consists of a single DC-3, employs dozens of executives to keep it flying. The national salt corporation was so mismanaged that although the island is washed by the salt-rich Indian Ocean, it has had to import salt from abroad. Even Ceylon's Communists are complaining. While carefully exempting Mrs. Bandaranaike from criticism ("the only man in the Cabinet"), Cambridge-educated, pro-Soviet Red Leader Pieter Keuneman lamented: "This government is not going any place."

In addition to economic and politi-



MRS. BANDARANAIKE
The Cabinet's only man.

cal turmoil, Mrs. Bandaranaike has touched off religious bitterness. The government nationalized 700 Roman Catholic schools, refused to issue building permits for any more. Climaxing a long campaign against the English-speaking government elite and the Tamil-speaking Hindu minority (almost one-quarter of Ceylon's 10.6 million people), Mrs. Bandaranaike ordered that all official business must be conducted in Sinhala, the language of the Buddhist majority.

The Tamil Federal Party declared a day of mourning. Hundreds of registered letters piled up in post offices because registry slips were addressed in English. Some 2,300 civil servants quit without waiting for the switch to Sinhala to become official; remaining bureaucrats are already evading the language decree by circulating memos in English with the notation in the margin: "Sinhala version to follow." It rarely does.

ASIA

The Bridge Builder

Less than two months ago, Cambodia's mercurial Prince Norodom Sihanouk was complaining that France had been more generous in giving aid to South Viet Nam than to his own country. Last week, after French Defense Minister Pierre Messmer journeyed to Phnomh to present Sihanouk with tanks, trucks, aircraft and an invitation to visit Paris in the spring, the Prince allowed that France, after all, was one of Cambodia's "very rare true friends." Said Sihanouk: "We are convinced that only France can build a bridge between East and West."

Reuniting Viet Nam. So is Charles de Gaulle. Eager to re-establish France's influence in its old Indo-China colonies, France's President leaped at the opportunity to take over from the U.S. in Cambodia after Sihanouk canceled Washington's \$30 million-a-year aid program.* Alone among U.S. allies in SEATO, France enthusiastically backed Sihanouk's demands for a Geneva conference guaranteeing Cambodia's neutrality (it is already guaranteed by the SEATO treaty). De Gaulle feels strongly that "stabilization of neutral regimes" is the best way to bulwark the peninsula against Communist China.

In Laos, another former colony where French influence is still strong, neutralization in practice only led to a virtual Communist takeover. Nonetheless, De Gaulle insists that the same solution could safeguard Viet Nam. Paris argues that Communist North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh is basically anti-Chinese and would gladly reunite his country with a neutralized South Viet Nam—where, say the French, it is only a matter of time before the Americans lose the war against the Viet Cong.

Helping the U.S. Gaudists are also engaged in a cautious campaign to establish economic and diplomatic relations with Red China. While French diplomats warn loftily that China's isolation results in permanent East-West "disequilibrium," De Gaulle's primary aim is to stake out a rich new market for France's heavy industrial goods, which are beginning to feel the cold winds of Common Market competition.

Former (1955) Premier Edgar Faure, who represented De Gaulle on a recent exploratory mission to Peking, hinted last week that France would soon recognize Red China; with support from France's former African colonies, Peking would probably then have little trouble winning a U.N. seat. Thus, pronounced Faure, France could end the "impasse" caused by Washington's refusal to recognize Peking, and render the U.S. a "great service." The State Department icily demurred.

* Though most U.S. personnel have already left Cambodia, Sihanouk changed his mind at week's end and asked Washington to complete several aid projects started in 1963.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Opportunities Missed

Hope springs eternal, and as 1964 began in South Viet Nam, there was still hope for victory in the grinding war against the Viet Cong Communists. But to many an American observer, the hope may be forlorn unless there are some victories soon over the Red guerrillas. In the third month after the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, the Viet Cong still reign supreme in 13 of the country's 43 provinces. The Communists control half of Long An Province on Saigon's southern flank (see map). From the fifth-floor terrace bar of the city's Majestic Hotel, idlers can view both bikini-clad girls water-skiing on the Saigon River and, in the distance, puffs of smoke rising from clashes between government and Viet Cong guerrilla patrols.

For weeks the military junta that replaced Diem has been promising a counteroffensive, and a Pentagon official predicts that the current month will see "very significant" action. But for all the generals' vows of increased aggressiveness, the story in the field is still, all too often, one of missed opportunities.

Maps v. Victory. Fortnight ago, 35 miles northwest of Saigon, a 400-man battalion of South Vietnamese Rangers found itself pinned down on a scrub-smothered river bank by 800 well-armed, dug-in guerrillas. U.S. advisers suddenly saw a rare chance: here was a Communist regiment that was prepared to stand and fight the set-piece battle that Vietnamese generals claimed they so ardently desired. If the Reds would only stay in one place, they could easily be surrounded.



BARNSTORMING GENERAL "BIG" MINH

Back in the capital, a glimpse of bikinis and shellfire.

Eight other government battalions were in the area and unengaged with the enemy. But when called upon to rush them in, Vietnamese staff officers chain-smoked the afternoon away engrossed in their maps, deaf to American pleas. The pinned-down Rangers had no alternative but to retreat across the river under cover of darkness. The Viet Cong regiment, which might well have been annihilated, escaped, leaving behind five captured Rangers tied by their feet to trees with their heads hacked off.

Imperfect Circle. Five days later, 30 miles south of Saigon, a paratroop battalion surprised and gamely engaged Viet Cong Battalion 514, which a year ago inflicted a major defeat on the government in the notorious battle of Apbac. Now grown from 250 to possibly 600 men, Battalion 514 stopped the paratroopers with machine-gun fire. Out went a call for help, but it was slow to arrive. Armed American helicopters on stand-by duty 20 minutes away in Saigon were not called in by the Vietnamese until three hours after the initial contact.

Finally, the Viet Cong were virtually surrounded by the original paratroop unit, a second paratroop battalion, infantry and civil guardsmen, and were being pounded by air and artillery that killed or wounded an estimated 100 Reds. But the second paratroop battalion, ordered to move in and block a Viet Cong retreat, timidly stood off, leaving great gaps through which the bulk of the Reds escaped at dusk.

Musical Chairs. Top American advisers remain doggedly hopeful of improvement. Government probes have at least stepped up, and in the past month troops have uncovered three major Viet Cong arms caches containing tons of weapons and ammunition. Last week, in a step reportedly urged by U.S. Defense Secretary McNamara, the junta streamlined itself.

General Duong Van ("Big") Minh retained the title of Chief of State, but gave his second job of commander in chief to Defense Minister General Tran Van Don. The latter, in turn, handed his post as chief of the joint general staff to another general, Le Van Kim. General Ton That Dinh gave up his command of the III Corps, which covers the northern half of the Mekong Delta; he had been trying to hold down the troop command along with the post of national security chief. Dinh was named Interior Minister, which gives him responsibility for the fortified hamlet program.

Hopefully, the shuffle will improve the chain of command and give Big Minh, who has finally begun making barnstorming trips into the countryside, more of an opportunity to unify the populace.

RUSSIA

Who's Burying Whom?

For all Nikita Khrushchev's boasts of overtaking the West by 1970, an extensive report released by the Central Intelligence Agency last week argues that the Russians are actually falling far behind. In 1962 and 1963, according to the agency's analysis, the Russian economy grew at a rate of less than 2.5% annually, while the U.S. growth rate averaged 5.5% and is expected to expand at that level in 1964 as well. Even if the Russians doubled their gross national product (1962 level: \$260 billion) in the next decade, a feat that most experts consider impossible, Soviet output in 1972 would still be less than the \$555 billion total logged by the U.S. a whole decade earlier.

Five straight years of poor harvests not only helped crimp Russia's economic expansion, but, by forcing the government to buy grain abroad, also reduced its gold reserves to a level esti-

mated by the CIA at considerably less than \$2 billion. There was a slight drop in industrial production, which grew at a rate of nearly 6% annually in the past two years v. 7% in the U.S. Moreover, the CIA sees little chance that Russia will again be able to achieve the sustained high overall growth rate (7.4% on average) that marked its economy in the 1950s. The government, it said, "is trying to do too much with too few resources," notably in space and defense spending—upwards of \$40 billion in 1962—which drains off ill-spaced capital, plant and brains from the civilian economy.

Main significance of the report, which was derided by some academic economists as painting too dark a picture of the Soviet economy, is that Russia is already "living on borrowed capital" and cannot possibly realize its plans for massive expansion of chemical and fertilizer industries without greatly increased credits from the West—credits which the U.S. Government clearly hopes that the Russians will not get.

BERLIN

Back to Abnormal

A cold fog swirled over the River Spree, masking the watchtowers of Berlin's Wall and gathering in bright droplets on the bars of its newly installed steel gates. Suddenly, Communist searchlights poked white fingers into the fog, and the deep-throated barking of the *Grenzpolizei's* watchdogs echoed off the brick and barbed-wire barrier. A British military policeman scanned the Spree for escaping swimmers, but soon the searchlights flicked off, the dogs quieted, and the only sound was the rhythmic slam of creaky boots on the cobblestones across the way. "They either got the poor bugger," muttered the MP, "or they were just seeing ghosts again." Life along the ugly Berlin Wall was back to abnormal.

But before the gates slammed shut last week, many East Berliners had been able to make their way through to the West. The crush of visitors (250,000 people and 25,000 cars on the last day the Wall was open) proved too much for the Communist border guards. They checked only one in four returning automobiles, quickly gave up a plan to match pass stubs with the halves handed over on entry. The traffic was just too heavy. Almost any piece of paper would do, and the Communist-issued passes were easy to counterfeit.

With the Wall closed, East Berliners turned quickly to the old, familiar escape techniques they had used before Christmas. A family of five, whose apartment abutted the Wall, skidded down a rope dangling from a bedroom window. The same night, a trio of dusty girls popped into the basement of a West Berlin apartment after a harrowing scramble through a 450-ft. tunnel whose mouth lay in an East Berlin courtyard. But border guards soon found the tunnel and blasted it shut.

WEST GERMANY

"The Auschwitz Business"

The biggest murder trial in West German history was under way last week in a stark, high-ceilinged auditorium in Frankfurt's Town Hall. Behind six rows of wooden desks sat the 22 defendants, who looked like an ordinary cross section of West German citizens. Indeed they were: facing the

died. "We helped those too tired to go on," Boger blandly explained. The most defiant defendant was a burly ex-butcher and male nurse, Oswald Kaduk, 57, who was charged with breaking the necks of elderly prisoners by standing on a walking stick placed against their necks. Kaduk had already served nine years in an East German prison for what he contemptuously called "the Auschwitz business" when he was pa-



BOGER (LEFT) AND DEFENDANTS IN COURT
Poison gas, bottles, and a walking stick against the neck.

court were dentists and businessmen, a farmer, a salesman, a pharmacist. What set them apart was that they were once custodians of that death factory called Auschwitz, the concentration camp where Hitler's men killed Jews, gypsies, Poles and Russians at the rate of up to 9,000 a day during World War II.

It has taken five years to assemble all the ugly evidence of Auschwitz, and it will probably take at least six months or more to tell the full tale in court. Prosecutors sifted 17,000 pages of pre-trial testimony before coming up with a 700-page indictment that describes in detail how prisoners were slain with pistols, poison gas, clubs, bottles, and by trampling, hanging, drowning, freezing, injections and electrocution.

Confronted by the mountain of evidence, the accused pleaded the familiar defense that they were only "little men" who followed orders. One of the major defendants, Robert Mulka, 68, a prosperous Hamburg importer who was assistant commandant of Auschwitz, declared that he "knew nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing" about mass extermination. Why, swore Mulka, he had never even set foot inside the vast prisoners' compound.

Stuttgart Salesman Wilhelm Boger, 57, onetime chief of the Auschwitz intelligence system, boasted that the place had the lowest escape rate of any Nazi concentration camp. Boger was the inventor of a torture rack known as the "Boger swing," in which the victim—bound hand and foot and swinging from a beam—was whipped, often until he

roled and fled to West Berlin. There police caught up with him again. "I stand here innocent," Kaduk shouted at the court. "I chose the West and I bitterly regret it. I never dreamed of such injustice."

ALGERIA

Poverty & Playthings

The sweet taste of independence has turned bitter for many an Algerian. Eighteen months after the former French colony won freedom, 2,000,000 of its citizens, or fully two-thirds of the labor force, are unemployed. The mass flight of French capitalists and technicians, plus Strongman Ahmed ben Bella's "socialist" confiscations, have shuttered or snarled factories across the land. Outright starvation has been averted in many areas only by government handouts of U.S. gift wheat. Last week discontent boiled up in Oran—in Ben Bella's own home region.

The blowup occurred after the government suddenly shut down a make-work project—the clearing of refuse from a *bidonville* (shantytown)—laying off 2,500 men. Next morning angry groups, armed with iron bars, paving stones and bicycle chains, marched on the prefecture, smashing shop windows, overturning market stalls, paralyzing traffic. Before the prefecture the mob, grown to 2,000 persons, chanted "Bread!", "Down with unemployment!" and "Vive Abbas, Vive Benkhedda!" (Ferhat Abbas and Benyoussel Benkhedda, middle-road nationalists who



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have broken with Ben Bella). Several demonstrators broke into the building, tossed files out of windows. Not until 250 soldiers arrived and opened fire, reportedly wounding ten persons, was the daylong riot quelled.

The disorders were the boldest challenge to Ben Bella since last September's Berber revolt. Fearful that they might spread, Algeria's President set up special "revolutionary criminal courts" to deal with "crimes that create exceptional troubles against public order." In Oran police tribunals efficiently rapped out convictions for 22 accused demonstrators on the first day of the trials, sentenced them to prison terms of up to two years. The stiff penalties were meted out to three youths accused of looting. But if the fruits of freedom were meager for most Algerians, there were some predictable plums for their left-leaning leader. On the eve of the Oran protests, Ben Bella accepted a New Year's present from Nikita Khrushchev: a Russian-made Il-18 airliner, delivered (complete with Russian crew) for Ben Bella's personal use.

LIBERIA

Uncle Shad Forever?

In Monrovia last week William V. Tubman, 68, was inaugurated President of Liberia for the fifth time. Almost each inauguration has given a landmark to the country—a monument here, an assembly hall there. This time, 2,000 workers, about a fifth of Monrovia's labor force, and 150 foreign technicians have been working against time to complete the new executive mansion.

The eight-story "Dream Mansion," as Liberians proudly call it, has an atomic-bomb shelter, an underground swimming pool, a private chapel, a trophy room, a cinema, a strong room large enough to hold all the gold in Africa, and a kitchen big enough to prepare all the *fufu* (Liberia's national dish, a stew based on the cassava plant) that anyone could eat. Tubman's new home combines the comfort of a garish four-star hotel with the appearance of a department store the week before Christmas.

Spiraling Cost. Approached by a giant horseshoe driveway bordered by artificial ponds, the mansion glimmers by day with \$1,000,000 worth of solar screens intended to reflect the sunlight and reduce heat, and by night is an explosion of brilliance, studied from top to bottom with dazzling fluorescent lights that are said to attract most of Monrovia's flies. Because of the uncertainty of the city's public utilities, the mansion has its own emergency power plant, water supply and sewage system. Such lavish accoutrements plus some eyebrow-raising financing methods explain why the cost of the vast pile has soared from an original estimate of \$2,500,000 to a whopping \$20 million.

The dignified old executive mansion, with its columned portico reflecting the

plantation houses of the antebellum U.S. South, had grown far too small. It sufficed when Tubman first took office in 1944 and Liberia was one of Africa's three independent states and had a budget of scarcely \$1,000,000 a year. But today Liberia's budget is some \$38 million annually, and its gross national product runs to about \$250 million, derived from rubber, iron ore, and vast timber riches that are only beginning

faced law court to match the glamour of the executive mansion.

Stunned Silence. For the inauguration last week, guests from 64 countries crowded Monrovia's luxury Ducor Intercontinental Hotel, and paramount chiefs representing Liberia's 20-odd tribes brought with them retinues of up to 30 people, including wives, children, relatives, and entertainers such as dancers and drummers. In the streets, deliri-



INAUGURATION CROWDS OUTSIDE NEW EXECUTIVE MANSION

In the basement, room for all the gold in Africa.



PRESIDENT TUBMAN

to be farmed. As Tubman exchanged visits with the leaders of new African states, the 80-year-old mansion seemed inadequate and embarrassing.

To the Pepper Coast. Liberians had to build their country from scratch. "We did not have the luck to be colonized," is a standard Liberian joke, and it is true that there were no imperial rulers to leave behind post offices and palaces, schools and hospitals. The population, which the government estimates at around 2,000,000, consists of a 99% tribal majority living in primitive isolation in the back country and a 1% governing minority called Americo-Liberians, descended from a group of freed U.S. slaves sent to the Pepper Coast of Africa with the backing of President James Monroe, the U.S. Congress and philanthropic organizations.

Genial Shad Tubman rules Liberia through his True Whig Party and by the judicious use of jobs and "dashes"—the local word for payoffs for favors—to keep the important 20,000 Americo-Liberians happy. He has also originated a unification policy intended to pass out political and economic plums to the hinterland tribes and was the first Liberian President to give them representation in the legislature. Half of the U.S. development grants of \$8,600,000 a year is earmarked for teacher training and the construction of schools. Tubman quite frankly caters to the Liberian love of status and, though the citizens remain as poor as they ever were, Liberia has a TV transmitter for the nation's few sets and a new marble-

ous crowds held arches of flowers and hurled bushels of confetti as Tubman whirled proudly through the streets in his Cadillac convertible during the inauguration festivities. Applause greeted every pronouncement in his inaugural address until he came to the final ringing sentence: "I enter upon the execution of the sacred task to which I have been called for the fifth and, I earnestly hope, for the last time." That brought stunned, unbelieving silence, for clearly most of the thousands in the audience fully expect that Uncle Shad will go on ruling Liberia forever.

GHANA

Cribbing from Moscow

"Kwame Nkrumah is to Africa today what Lenin was to the Soviet Union in 1917," Ghana's Defense Minister said recently. The parallel is most apt, for Nkrumah is rapidly turning his country into an absolute dictatorship. Items last week:

► Government police arrested Dr. Joseph Danquah, 68, Nkrumah's opponent in the 1960 presidential election. A revered pioneer in Ghana's independence movement, Dr. Danquah was Nkrumah's first political mentor, but the two fell out and became bitter foes. Though police specified no charge, the government-controlled press called Danquah "a tribalist fiend and confusionist agent of Western imperialism."

► Two top police officials were arrested and nine others, including Police Commissioner Erasmus Madjitey,

sacked." This was seen as a move to turn all law-enforcement duties over to the Red-lining army.

► The government press called for the expulsion of the 150 U.S. Peace Corpsmen in Ghana, calling them "spies and meddlers."

In a national referendum next week, Nkrumah has offered a constitutional amendment making his Convention People's Party Ghana's only legal political party. The proposed amendment was lifted from Article 126 of the 1936 Soviet constitution.

KENYA

A Love for the Forest

What does a Mau Mau "freedom fighter" do once freedom has been won? Kenya's notorious "General" Baimungi, the meanest Mau Mau of them all, had no intention of joining the ranks of the technologically unemployed. Once last month's independence celebrations were over, he and his band of 200 green-uniformed thugs slipped quietly back into the forests on the north slope of Mount Kenya, broke out hidden rifles, and resumed their careers.

Protected by the amnesty Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta had extended to all Mau Maus, Baimungi's men began by looting off the ears of an African cop. Then they turned to the local Meru tribesmen, carrying off more than 50 men and women to their four forest camps. Baimungi's men administered oaths of allegiance to the new Kenyan flag—and charged their victims a month's wages for the privilege of swearing them. Women were treated to haircuts by barbarous barbers wielding razor-sharp, 18-inch pangas, then were summarily stripped and raped. The men were merely beaten.

To show how much he appreciated Jomo's amnesty, Baimungi invited a government minister to his headquarters for a special show: a man was dragged in from a nearby village and whipped. Said the visitor from Nairobi: "I told the 'general' that he should not beat people in front of a Minister, but he just retorted that Ministers knew nothing about the rules of the forest."

Last week Jomo announced that the general Mau Mau amnesty would end Jan. 15, and thereafter any persons caught carrying unauthorized arms or wearing quasi-military uniforms would be arrested. As tight-lipped police waited to see if Baimungi and his merry band would emerge from the forests, angry Meru villagers were sharpening their own pangas. They knew their local Robin Hood too well, and they planned a little barbering of their own.

* A new version of the recent assassination attempt on Nkrumah leaked out of Accra last week. When the assassin opened fire, the police scattered, and Nkrumah raced back into his official residence and sought refuge in the kitchen. According to one report, the pursuing killer was felled not by Nkrumah—as the official story had it—but by the kitchen's swinging door.

FRANCE

But Who Will Be

Concierge to the Concierges?

The concierges of Paris, like French shopgirls, come from a single mold. But where shopgirls are uniformly stocky, black-haired, perky dark-eyed and, no matter how unpretty, filled with a lively charm, concierges have pulled-back hair, grey skin and grey souls. The typical concierge wears round-frame glasses, black stockings, a shapeless dress and old felt slippers, and, in the profane opinion of most Parisians, is rude, inquisitive, grasping, lazy, and brimming with malign gossip.

But last week, a startling change had come over the city's concierges. They

ALBERT TONNELI—REXUS



PARIS INSTITUTION
Grey skin, grey soul.

ostentatiously sewed brass and industriously sewed rips in the hall carpeting. A tenant's "Bon jour" met with a joyous response instead of surly silence. The concierges suddenly delighted in performing small favors, and mail was distributed in a matter of minutes, not hours. This gracious rebirth of courtesy is an annual event caused by *éireennes*, the New Year's tips from tenants which ordinarily make up the better part of a concierge's income.

The ideal informer. The concierge system dates back to Napoleon Bonaparte, who cannily required the installation of a person on the ground floor of every residence in Paris whose job was to watch over the inhabitants. With tiny salaries and vast stocks of information about every tenant, the concierge—in Napoleon's time and since—has been the ideal informer for police, income tax agents and suspicious husbands. As a result, the word concierge is synonymous with bad taste, ignorance and lack of scruples.

By law, concierges are divided into four categories, and those in the most common category, the second, have 14 specific duties to perform, from disposing of garbage and locking the outside doors to preventing pipes from freezing and watching out for leaks and fires. Concierges are stationed in *loges*, usually combined ground-floor offices and small apartments which are rent-free. Salaries run from \$10 to \$20 a month, and concierges are expected to be on duty from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., six days a week. If a concierge goes on vacation, she must find a substitute at her own expense. Traditionally, concierges have also been on call all night in order to open the street door for anyone going in and out by pulling a *cordon*, a rope which releases the door catch.

Subhuman Treatment. Concierges have had a few defenders. Frédéric Dupont, a former independent Deputy for Paris, argued so eloquently for a bill freeing concierges from the *cordon* that when he rose to speak other Deputies would shout the traditional cry: "Cordon, c'est vous plaît!" His bill was passed in 1957, and most doors are now opened by an electrical release in the tenant's own apartment, as in the U.S.

In the full-employment France of today, it is surprising that anyone will work the long hours at low pay required of the concierge. René Laffon, head of the biggest of four concierge unions, says, "People do it just to get housing. It used to be a sort of profession. Now you have young couples who can't find an apartment, or elderly widows with no income and nowhere to go." Frédéric Dupont claims that concierges are not so much surly as suffering, from loneliness, illness, malnutrition and exhaustion. He adds: "They are continually interrupted at whatever they're doing by people who burst into their *loges* without knocking, who are demanding and impolite and who sometimes treat them like subhumans. They are badly housed in tiny, airless corners and hardly ever go to the doctor because they can't afford it and can't leave."

Since World War II, the number of Paris concierges—who are about 95% women—has dropped from 80,000 to 64,000, and the decline is continuing, largely because most new apartment buildings dispense with concierges entirely. Yet those who still have jobs cling to them as long as possible because, on retirement, they are entitled to only a minimal social security payment. Touched by the dismal prospect facing aged concierges, Union President Laffon raised money from the government, property owners and insurance companies for a retirement home to open this spring at Lardy, 27 miles from Paris. When completed, it will house 83 persons who can happily spend their declining years refusing to answer knocks on their doors, or peering down long corridors at other ex-concierges who peer suspiciously back at them. Still unfound: someone willing to be concierge for Lardy's ex-concierges.



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U.S. STUDENTS RAISE FLAG AT BALBOA
Something more than everyday.

PANAMA

Crisis Over the Canal

On a sunny day last week, a group of American teen-agers marched up and raised a U.S. flag over their high school at Balboa in the Panama Canal Zone. It seemed an everyday thing to do. But in the Canal Zone, what flag to fly where is a passionate issue—and a symbol of a bitter dispute between the U.S. and the tiny Republic of Panama. So high is the feeling between Panamanians and the Zone's 36,000 U.S. residents that Canal Zone Governor Major General Robert J. Fleming Jr. decided to fly both Panamanian and U.S. flags at 17 carefully selected locations. Elsewhere—including the schools—no flags at all would fly.

But now the Stars and Stripes were unfurled at Balboa (see map). Before long, a crowd of 150 Panamanian high school students appeared carrying Panama's national emblem. At that point, say U.S. officials, "there was no more

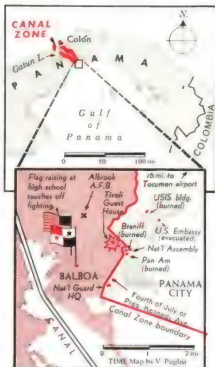
THE HEMISPHERE

trouble than you'd expect at a Yale-Princeton football game." The students were told to go home and headed peacefully back across the line. But there a mob was ready and waiting—older men, this time, including Castroites and ultranationalists, and armed with guns and Molotov cocktails. A cry went up that the Panamanian flag had been trampled by Americans—and the U.S. was plunged into the gravest crisis in Latin American relations since the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Viva Fidel! Led by men wearing red T-shirts and howling *Viva Fidel!*, raging mobs set fire to the Braniff and Pan American Airways buildings, the Sears Roebuck store and a Goodyear Rubber plant. The USIS office was destroyed. In the city of Colón, 38 miles away, another well-coordinated riot erupted. Along the border, Zone police tried to disperse the crowds with tear gas, fired in the air, at last lowered their aim. General Andrew P. O'Meara, commander of the U.S. Southern Command, sent Army troops to the border. Snipers from the Panamanian side started picking off the G.I.s. Six soldiers near the Tivoli Guest House were seriously wounded before U.S. sharpshooters silenced the snipers. At no time, said the Army, did U.S. troops move into Panama territory.

An immediate appeal for order by President Roberto F. Chiari, 58. Panama's usually sensible businessman-President, might have helped the situation. But Panama's national election is May 10, and though Chiari cannot run again, anything temperate regarding the Canal would ruin his party's chances. In his presidential palace, Chiari fired off angry cables. He charged the U.S. with "unprovoked armed attack." In a wire to the Organization of American States, he announced that he was breaking diplomatic relations with the U.S., demanded an emergency session of the U.N. Security Council, where Panama's representative accused the U.S. of "bloody aggression."

No Ambassador. Washington was caught unprepared. Five months ago, Joseph S. Farland had resigned with tart words about U.S. foreign aid and cheers from Panamanians for his own efforts on their behalf. Washington had not yet bothered to replace him. Now, at the White House, President Johnson called an emergency early morning conference of top State Department, defense and intelligence advisers. While it was going on, a frantic telephone call from the U.S. chargé in Panama informed him that the embassy might be overrun: Johnson personally ordered all secret papers burned. He then sent a



seven-man mission, headed by Thomas C. Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, and Cyrus Vance, the new Deputy Secretary of Defense, racing down to Panama by jet. Finally, he put in a personal call to President Chiari, urging calm and arguing that "there had to be a stop to the violence" before any canal dispute could be discussed.

At last, Chiari took to the radio pleading for order and telling Panamanians not to listen "to demagogic incitement by certain agitators." He contacted General O'Meara, asking him to suspend the U.S. anti-sniper fire, promising that Panamanian troops would deal with the snipers. Three U.S. G.I.s had already been killed, 85 wounded; the Panamanians claimed about 300 casualties, including 20 dead—and blamed the U.S. for them all.

The U.S. Army vehemently denied that its bullets had caused anything like 300 casualties. Many of the injured seemed victims of their own rioting. Of 13 confirmed Panamanian dead, five died in a burning building; two were killed by Molotov cocktails. Zone police had engaged in a blazing gunfight—to prevent mobs from overrunning a U.S. housing project inside the Zone. But the Army insisted that only nine rounds in all had been fired by regular troops at snipers during the first night—and the G.I.s were now using blanks, hoping to scare them off.

"Just Indemnification." When the U.S. mission headed by Tom Mann arrived in Panama, along with an O.A.S. mediation commission, Chiari was demanding "just indemnification" for dam-





PANAMANIANS BATTLE ZONE POLICE
Something less than perpetual.

Unusual elegance goes
with today's
finest
road car



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Roman Walloch...MAN WITH A SECRET

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ages and assurances that the U.S. "will never again unloose similar actions of aggression against a weak and innocent people." He denounced the 1903 treaty and all subsequent pacts under which the U.S. has "perpetual" rights to the Canal Zone. Nothing less than "complete revision" of the entire operation would lead Panama to resume diplomatic relations.

The U.S. was willing to negotiate, but how far it would go on the treaties was open to question. Panama owes its existence as a nation (before 1903 it was a part of Colombia) to Teddy Roosevelt's diplomacy and determination to build the waterway linking the Atlantic and Pacific. But the present canal is rapidly growing obsolete. The U.S. no longer considers it vital to defense in these days of missiles and two-ocean navies, is seriously considering a second canal to handle growing commercial traffic. Yet 5,600,000 tons of shipping still pass through the old locks each month. And Panama has long complained that it gets only \$1,900,000 of the revenues, while the U.S. nets \$2,300,000 annual profit.

Twice in 1959, fierce riots broke out over Panama's demands for greater benefits. Since then, the U.S. has offered higher wages for Panamanian workers and half a dozen other concessions—along with twin flags as evidence of Panama's "titular sovereignty" over the Zone. But that satisfied neither Panama nor old-line U.S. residents, who feared that it would undercut their privileged position. Chiari has not yet spelled out his precise demands. But he surely will ask for greater control over the Zone and a vastly increased share of the revenues—he once mentioned \$10 million a year.

COSTA RICA

The Ash-Covered Capital

On a clear day, people in Costa Rica's capital of San José used to enjoy the view of the dormant, 11,260-ft. volcano Irazú, 16 miles to the northeast. But dormant volcanoes, like "unloaded" guns, can be full of nasty surprises. Last March a violent explosion deep inside Irazú threw up a shower of rocks, some weighing as much as two tons. A dark cloud of gritty ash spread across the sky, and soon drifted down to cover the pretty little Central American city with a layer of what looked like dirty snow.

For ten months now, San José has known few clear days as eruption after eruption dropped an estimated 50,000 tons of ash on the city. Grit covers floors, seeps through windows and gets into food at mealtime. When they go outside, San José's 230,000 citizens wear goggles, gas masks, pull handkerchiefs over their faces like Hollywood bandits, even cover their heads with paper bags. Those who can afford it send their children to school out of the country. Auto carburetors clog, typewriters stick



SAN JOSÉ STREET (LEFT), IRAZÚ VOLCANO (RIGHT)

Grit, and bear it.

and doors jam; airplanes no longer land at the local airport. Slowly the city's drainage system is plugging up—and so much ash has settled in the Reventado River that a recent rainstorm sent waters spilling over the banks, destroying some 500 homes in the city of Cartago.

Irazú's eruption is "dry," containing no molten lava. But the acrid, ashy smog has caused added suffering among those with respiratory ailments. The fallout extends over 250 square miles, including 97,000 acres of pasture for some of the prize dairy herds of Central America. Grazing land was smothered. Thousands of sick cattle had to be killed, and milk production has dropped to 35% of normal.

The Costa Rican government appealed for aid, and the U.S. rushed in an initial 4,000 tons of cattle feed, plus 500 respirators for street cleaners. Costa Rican businessmen raised an emergency fund and bought three U.S. road-sweeping machines. But last week Irazú continued its eruptions, and San José could not sweep away the ash fast enough.

CUBA

Hole in the Embargo

Ever since 1960, the U.S. has been putting an economic squeeze on Communist Cuba with what amounts to an unofficial trade embargo. Free world nations are urged not to do business with Castro, and all vessels in Cuban trade are blacklisted from picking up U.S. Government-financed cargo. So far, 196 vessels are on the forbidden list; free world trade has skidded from \$1.3 billion in 1959 to less than \$300 million last year, leaving Castro almost totally dependent on his Iron Curtain friends. But last week Great Britain knocked a hole in the embargo big enough to drive a bus through.

In Havana, Britain's Leyland Motor Co. Ltd. signed up to sell 400 heavy 45-passenger buses for \$10 million plus \$1,100,000 worth of spare parts. The

company gave Castro five years to pay, threw in an option for another 1,000 buses and agreed to train whatever mechanics were needed. To get around the shipping blacklist, Leyland first asked the British government for the loan of an aircraft carrier: when that request was ignored, the company announced that East German freighters would handle the order.

Lack of Parts. The deal came as no surprise to the U.S. Government. For months, Cuban trade officials have been shopping with France, West Germany, Spain and Japan for someone to restore the island's disintegrating transportation system. Havana bus parks are filled with rusting U.S. buses for which no parts are available. In 1962, Czechoslovakia sent several hundred Skoda buses, but they soon fell victim to Cuba's tropical weather, its potholed roads and hot-rodding drivers. Of some 1,600 buses operating in Havana in 1961, only about half are still in service, so few that Cubans go to work packed like cattle into trucks.

By itself, the Leyland sale will give Cuba little more than a temporary shot in the arm. Nevertheless, the U.S. was visibly annoyed at the sight of a British company racing to Castro's rescue. "It certainly does not help in our effort to isolate the Castro regime," said a State Department official bitterly. But there was little that the U.S. could do about it.

Matter of Surplus. The British seemed to wonder what the U.S. was so upset about. Approved by the government as a straight commercial venture, the sale was treated as if it had no cold war overtones. Leyland had sold hundreds of buses to Cuba before Castro, and was now only resuming relations with an old customer. "I am sorry the U.S. disapproves," said Leyland's Managing Director Donald Stokes, "but this is an English company doing a deal with Cuba. I have no knowledge of having to go to America for permission to sell buses." Besides, if the U.S. expected to sell \$300 million worth of wheat to Soviet Russia, it was in no position to complain about a \$10 million British sale to Castro. As one Briton dryly put it: "The U.S. has a surplus of wheat—we have a surplus of buses."

PEOPLE



JACKIE & ADMIRERS OUTSIDE OFFICE
Linked to Lincoln.

Still in mourning and bundled in a black mink coat, Jackie Kennedy, 34, for the first time dropped by her new office in the Old State Department Building to say thanks to the 25 volunteers who have been opening and organizing her 700,000 letters and telegrams of condolence. And that same day, still another bit of Kennediana came to light. On the mantel of the presidential bedroom in the White House there has long been a carved inscription: "In this room Abraham Lincoln slept during his occupancy of the White House as President of the United States, March 4, 1861—April 13, 1865." Now there is another inscription just below: "In this room lived John Fitzgerald Kennedy with his wife Jacqueline during the two years, ten months and two days he was President of the United States."

The word memoirs stems from the French for memory, and at 84, or almost, the Old Soldier has a more glory-filled one than most. On the 22nd anniversary of the Battle of Bataan, Long Island University draped the aqua-colored hood of a doctor of letters—his 17th honorary degree—on General of

the Army Douglas MacArthur. "Sentiment has muddled many problems," said MacArthur, whose memoirs began in LIFE last week, "but has settled none. In the long advance of civilization, no facet has quite reached the importance of a full education."

Give her those good old European *paparazzi* any time. The Latin American version inspires sheer terror. Flying into Rio for a "rest" with her Brazilian playboy friend, Brigitte Bardot, 29, was met by 150 howling, straining newsmen who chased her clear up to his apartment. When all efforts to break in came to naught, the pack besieged the joint for four days, running their own beauty contest among the babes on Copacabana Beach and checking the trunks of all departing cars to make sure she wasn't smuggled out. Even a writ of habeas corpus failed to lift the siege. At last she emerged to meet the panting press. And what did BB think of Brazilian reporters? "I've never seen such savages," she snarled.

After his indictment as an unregistered agent for Dominican Dictator Rafael Trujillo, he lost his job as the New York Journal American's syndicated society gossip: his wife committed suicide; and his public relations firm collapsed. Even so, ruled a Washington, D.C., judge, the law is clear, and he sentenced Igor Cassini to six months on probation, fined him \$10,000.

The unexpectedly savage 1919 demolition of Heavyweight Champion Jess Willard, now 82, by Jack Dempsey, now 68, has always been surrounded with muttered rumors of foul play. And now in his memoirs, Dempsey's late manager Jack ("Doc") Kearns has admitted as much. As Kearns tells the story, he first wrapped Dempsey's hands with bandages as prescribed, then wet the bandages and doused on "talcum," which, unbeknownst to the young Dempsey, was actually plaster of paris. It all came out in a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

excerpt of Kearns's forthcoming *The Million Dollar Gate*. "I'm glad Kearns finally was man enough to admit it," said Willard. "First time Dempsey hit me, I knew those gloves were loaded." But Jack still thinks otherwise. "Ridiculous!" he exploded. "I bandaged up my own hands." Then why did Doc lie? "I fired him as my manager. He was bitter to the end."

"We are led to believe that some of Robert Frost's library, perhaps in the end all his books, will come to us from his estate," announced Amherst President Calvin Plimpton, with pardonable pride, in his annual report. But he was led to believe wrong, for Frost's private 3,000-volume collection (including nearly 1,000 first editions by some of his friends) is going to New York University. The onetime Amherst poet-in-residence formally willed the books to his daughter, Mrs. Lesley Frost Ballantine, and she decided on N.Y.U. "It's my library to give where I want it to be," said she, "and I need to be happy with it. I have not myself been close to Amherst. I live right next door to N.Y.U." What's more, her professor husband works there.

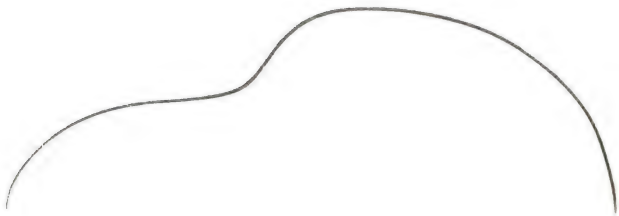
At 6 ft. 4 in., he had a full foot on the other guy. But brawn was no use. John Wayne, 56, was playing chess. "I'm a nut about it," confessed the Duke between takes on the Madrid set of *Circus World*. Aha, said a reporter, that sort of jibes with rumors that he is anxious to change his image? "What s.o.b. said that?" mock-roared Wayne. "Who's trying to ruin me? The big tough boy on the side of right—that's me. If I stood up there and started the histrionies, the customer wouldn't believe it. Simple themes. Save me from nuances." Having cleared that up, Wayne turned back to the game and found he had been checkmated. "See what I mean?" he said.



MAC ARTHUR IN HOOD & GOWN
Set against sentiment.



WAYNE AT PLAY
Nope to nuances.



How much longer can we hand you this line?

Forever, we hope.

Because we don't ever intend to change the Volkswagen's shape.

We play by our own set of rules.

The only reason we change the VW is to make it work even better.

The money we don't spend on outside changes we do spend inside the car.

This system gives us an immense advantage: Time.

We have time to improve parts and still keep most of them interchangeable.

(Which is why it's so easy to get VW parts, and why VW mechanics don't wake up screaming.)

We have time to put an immense amount

of hand work into each VW, and to finish each one like a \$6,000 machine.

And this system has also kept the price almost the same over the years.

Some cars keep changing and stay the same.

Volkswagens stay the same and keep changing.

RELIGION

ECUMENISM

A Seed Planted

"This moment, Your Holiness," said Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I of Constantinople, "is one of the most significant for mankind. Humanity at its highest spiritual level has the opportunity at last to guide the world toward peace." Pope Paul VI, gesturing animatedly, often clasping his hands in prayer, replied: "Your Holiness, we must bring our churches closer together. It will not be easy, but we are already on the right road. Nothing is insurmountable in our striving to unite mankind, but we must unite hereafter."

So spoke the highest-ranking prelates of Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism,

retinues to join them in the solemn chanting of the Lord's Prayer.

New Prestige. The meeting was the high point of Pope Paul's extraordinary trip to the Holy Land, which, among its other claims to historical notice, added a new dimension to the image of the modern papacy created by Paul's predecessors. Through his countless audiences and learned addresses, the austere and ascetic Pius XII made the figure of the Pope an impressive reality to millions of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. By summoning the second Vatican Council, the fatherly Pope John XXIII put the power and influence of his office behind what promises to be a striking internal reform of Catholicism. His Holy Land trip sug-

huge, unruly crowds and roughneck, rifle-swinging guards. Israel surprised—and disappointed—the Pope with its cool disinterest. During his 11½-hour trip Sunday to the holy places in what Jordanians called "occupied Palestine," fewer people than expected lined his carefully policed route. Shrugged one Orthodox Jew: "If our Chief Rabbi went to Rome, how many would come to see him?"

Israelis were pleased when Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, at the Memorial Room of the Holocaust at Mount Zion, lighted six candles in memory of the Jewish dead of World War II. But the Pope, who never once referred to Israel as a state, zealously praised the wartime efforts of Pius XII on behalf of the Jews, and obliquely attacked Rolf Hochhuth's Pius-mocking play, *The Deputy*—which the Israeli government had temporarily banned. Bidding the Pope farewell, President Zalman Shazar quoted a line from *Mitchell*: "For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever"—the standard Israeli reply to Christian convert seekers.

The Pope faced more hurt feelings when he crossed back to Jordan. There, King Hussein's government had been offended by a papal speech seeming to imply that only Israel was the Holy Land. Hussein dispatched his Foreign Minister to Vatican Secretary of State Amleto Cardinal Cicognani with a discreet complaint.

Prayer in Bethlehem. The day after his historic meeting with Athenagoras, the Pope drove nine miles from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. He celebrated Mass at an altar near the spot on which Jesus' manger is believed to have stood, and then delivered the principal speech of his Holy Land visit.

It was a warm and gracious summons to Christian unity and world peace, perhaps the most moving address of Paul's papacy. The speech was full of ecumenical-minded references to the ancient churches of the East. Nonetheless, Orthodox clergy in the Patriarch's retinue were outraged by Paul's plea to the "Roman Christ" and by references to Roman Catholicism as "the one church of Christ."

Afterwards, Paul returned to Jerusalem for another meeting with Athenagoras, this time at the residence of Orthodox Patriarch Benedictos above the Apostolic delegation on the Mount of Olives. The Pope and Athenagoras spoke in private for only five minutes before photographers burst through the doors, much to the prelates' surprise. They exchanged the kiss of peace, and again recited the Lord's Prayer. Then Athenagoras suggested: "Let us read together from the Holy Book." Alternately, in Greek and Latin, the two men read verses from St. John's Gospel. Then the Pope left for Amman and home.

Welcome in Rome. It was a damp and chilly night when Paul arrived in Rome, but he got a royal welcome that



PAPAL MOTORCADE INTO BETHLEHEM
In a spirit of joy and brotherhood.

the branches of Christianity sundered in the great schism of 1054. Their meeting, at the residence of the Vatican's Apostolic Delegate to Jordan on Jerusalem's Mount of Olives, was the first encounter of Pope and Patriarch since a tentative reconciliation in 1439, and it became a meeting of brothers. Responding to one of Paul's remarks, Athenagoras once demurred: "I am not a Holiness, only a patriarch." "You are Holiness to your people," the Pope answered, taking Athenagoras' hand. "I am Holiness to mine."

"I want to know your ideas and those of your church," said Paul, adding somewhat optimistically that there were only two or three points of doctrine dividing the churches, and that they could be resolved by theological studies. Thus, the Pope in effect agreed to establish a dialogue between the two churches, which Orthodoxy had proposed at a conference at Rhodes last fall. Then, in a spirit of joy and brotherhood, the two men summoned their

gested that Pope Paul VI, also, has plenty of imagination and authority, and that he may be a warmer man than past appearances would indicate.

By praying at shrines in Israel and Jordan that honor events in Jesus' life, he dramatically brought to mind Christianity's roots in Judaism, and its historic links with the Old Testament, and even with Islam. By meeting with Athenagoras, he created an "opening to the East" that John had only dreamed about. By traveling in a jet aircraft he made it clear that a modern bishop of Rome need not be a prisoner of Italy.

Hurt Feelings. Yet the Holy Land trip was no unalloyed triumph. The Pope's dream of a peaceful pilgrimage was shattered by the glare of modern publicity (see PRESS), and despite a determined effort to be diplomatic, Paul managed to step on the acutely sensitive toes of Jordanians, Israelis and Orthodox alike.

On his first day in the Holy Land, Jordan had surprised the Pope with

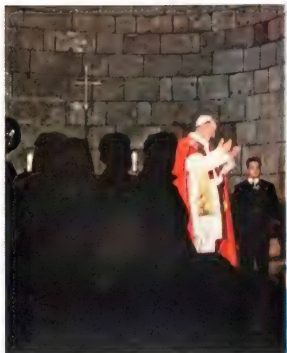


WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN in Bethlehem was prime pilgrimage shrine for Pope, here seen joyfully descending

into grotto of Church of the Nativity, believed place where Mary gave birth to Jesus and placed him in the manger.



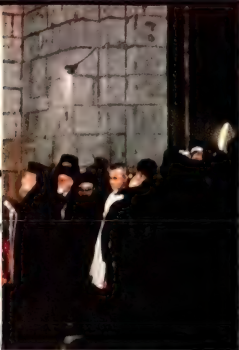
MASS BEFORE HOLY SEPULCHER in Jerusalem was celebrated by Paul, standing bareheaded at left before altar. To right of altar is entrance to a small chamber designated as the burial place of Christ.



GREETING IN ST. ANNE'S to Orthodox prelates occurred in church named for Mary's mother.

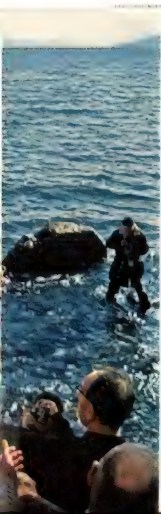
BLESSING SEA OF GALILEE marks spot where Jesus told Peter, "Feed my sheep."



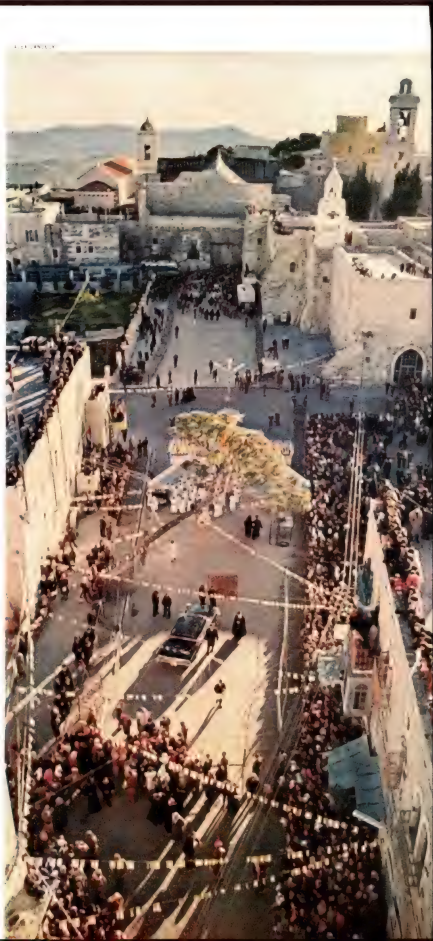


JOHN M. HARRIS

ARRIVAL IN BETHLEHEM drew welcoming throngs as Pope enters low door of Church of the Nativity (*in distance*).



AP/WIDE WORLD





KISS OF PEACE exchanged between Paul and Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras marks historic moment in history of

Christendom; Embrace on Jerusalem's Mount of Olives signaled first meeting of divided church leaders in 500 years.

far exceeded anything the Eternal City had ever extended to Pius XII or John XXIII. More than 1,000,000 people lined the streets of the city, which were festooned with lights. A banner proclaimed: "Rome welcomes its sweet pastor." As the open-topped car crossed from Italy to the Vatican City, women crashed through police cordons, held up their children and screamed for a blessing.

Even after the motorcade disappeared behind the Vatican walls, some 35,000 people clustered beneath the papal apartments of the Apostolic Palace. When the Pope finally appeared at his window, he spoke not as Catholicism's Supreme Pontiff but as a city's pastor, abandoning the magisterial "we" in his informal address. "I want to thank everyone who was in the crowd to welcome me," he said. "I bring you back blessings from Jerusalem where I celebrated Mass this morning. I have had the fortune to embrace, after centuries and centuries, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and to exchange with him words of peace and fraternity. Let us hope that these beginnings bear good fruit and that the seeds grow to maturity."

Meeting of Hearts. Pope Paul and Patriarch Athenagoras, without question, had achieved a meeting of hearts. The Pope, the Patriarch said later, "is full of kindness, has a good heart, a fine mind, and is full of wisdom." But Roman Catholicism and Orthodoxy are still nowhere near any meeting of minds, and neither participant at the meeting on the Mount of Olives is likely to see the two churches achieve genuine unity of action, much less corporate union.

For one thing, both Paul and Athenagoras must overcome the intransigence of high-placed lieutenants with an excessive regard for the rights of their churches. In Rome, many Curial conservatives, who almost openly opposed the Holy Land trip, regard unconditional surrender by Orthodoxy as the only formula for union. Athenagoras' ecumenical outlook is profoundly deplored by a majority of the twelve bishops of Greece's Holy Synod, which seems to believe that Orthodoxy can survive only apart from Rome—long ago sponsor of the crusaders who despoiled Constantinople's Church of the Holy Wisdom.

In the Holy Land, both Paul and Athenagoras implied that the dogmatic differences between the churches were mere trifles that scholars could resolve. Some of them probably are, such as the long-standing quarrel about the *filioque* clause in the Nicene Creed* which some Catholic thinkers believe could be settled to Orthodoxy's satisfaction. But other issues cannot so easily be smoothed over.

One major problem is papal infallibility, which Orthodoxy holds is a divine gift to the church, not to one prelate.

* Since the 11th century, Roman Catholic theology has universally taught that the Holy Spirit descends eternally from the Father "and from the son" (in Latin, *filioque*). Orthodoxy answers that this clause is an unscripural and heretical addition to the original creed.

Another is the existence of dogmas—such as the Marian Assumption and Immaculate Conception—that have been irrevocably defined by Rome but remain merely "pious beliefs" in the East. Other disputed doctrinal issues are the Roman belief in purgatory, which Orthodoxy denies, and the Catholic refusal to permit remarriage after divorce on grounds of adultery.

Perhaps Orthodoxy's greatest complaint against Rome is the existence of the so-called Uniat churches—some 12 million Catholics who accept the Pope as the Vicar of Christ but observe Eastern forms of worship. Orthodox church leaders unanimously regard these Eastern Catholics as spiritual fifth-columnists, seeking to subvert their people from the true and ancient faith.

A Moment of Love. At their second meeting in Jerusalem, Athenagoras asked the Pope: "What do we do now?" "I don't know," the Pope answered. "When I get back I will consult the cardinals and see." Both men seemed to be cautious about building on the good will engendered by their encounter. In Rome, Paul gave the task to further consultations with the Patriarch to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, headed by the wise old Jesuit Biblical scholar, Augustin Cardinal Bea. Before arranging for any theological dialogue, Bea was waiting to hear from the Patriarch, who faces the slow and difficult task of reconciling the Greeks to what had been accomplished in the Holy Land.

For something had happened there: a moment of love and unity after 900 years of suspicion and separation. Ending the schism would take perhaps centuries more, but the seed of renewal had been planted. Its growth could be slowed—but not stopped forever.

JUDAISM

A Threat to Survival

Marrying outside the faith—even though Moses did it—has traditionally been frowned upon by devout Jews. Some traditional families still mournfully recite the service for the dead when a rebellious son weds a *shiksa*. Nonetheless, the number of mixed marriages in the U.S. is at a level that may well threaten the survival of U.S. Jewry as a religious community. The reason: the Jewish partner often abandons his religious practice and raises his children in the faith, or nonfaith, of his spouse.

The few significant statistics on Judaism and interfaith marriages were summed up by Sociologist Erich Rosenthal in the 1963 *American Jewish Year Book*, prepared by the American Jewish Committee. In Greater Washington, D.C., the rate of mixed marriages is 17.9% for Jews of the third generation and after, compared with 1.4% for

foreign-born Jews. In at least 70% of such mixed marriages, the children are not raised as Jews. Assimilation is an even greater problem in small communities, where the Jewish choice of partners is limited: in Iowa, for example, about 42% of the state's Jews normally marry outside the faith.

Many Jewish leaders deplore the trend. Dr. Emanuel Rackman, former head of Manhattan's Orthodox Jewish divorce court, the Beth Din, urges rabbis not to perform mixed marriages, as some Reform rabbis do. (Conservative and Orthodox rabbis insist upon the conversion of the non-Jewish partner, a tactic that often drives couples to a municipal judge or a broad-minded Protes-



WEDDING OF MOSES (BRIDE'S FATHER, RIGHT)
Mixed marriages, fewer Jews.

tant minister.) At the golden jubilee convention of the Farband-Labor Zionist Order last month, its leaders warned against the new spirit of assimilation in U.S. Jewry, which they said was reflected "in the alarming growth of intermarriages and in a drifting away from Judaism, particularly on the part of Jewish youth."

But other rabbis believe that intermarriage brings profits as well as losses. One gain is the small but steady national increase in converts to Judaism. "I don't know of a rabbi who isn't constantly busy tutoring non-Jews who want to convert to Judaism," says Dr. Max Varspan of California's University of Judaism. Another silver-lining view is that intermarriage is an inevitable by-product of a worthy accomplishment, the general acceptance of Judaism in U.S. life. "We want tolerance, understanding and intergroup amity," says Rabbi Joseph Narot of Miami's Temple Israel. "And while this is more likely to bring about intermarriage, we'll take our chances. We've got to take that chance to avoid the ghetto mentality."

* According to Exodus 2:21, Moses married Zipporah, daughter of a Midianite priest.

MEDICINE

SMOKING

The Government Report

The conclusion was just about what everybody had expected. "On the basis of prolonged study and evaluation," the 150,000-word report declared, "the committee makes the following judgment: Cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the U.S. to warrant appropriate remedial action." More significant than the words was their source: it was the unanimous report of an impartial committee of top experts in several health fields, backed by the full authority of the U.S. Government.

The basic facts about the ill effects of smoking on health have been known for years. But the Government kept shying away from the problem. Not until 1962 did President Kennedy, under mounting pressure from medical groups, decide that the Government should make its own study. Surgeon General Luther L. Terry of the U.S. Public Health Service was charged with naming an expert committee to decide, simply, "Is smoking bad?"

Switch in Mid-Study. For his committee, Dr. Terry chose ten men of unquestionable repute from leading universities. None had ever taken a public stand on the controversy. Three, like Terry himself, smoked cigarettes: Minnesota's Dr. Leonard M. Schuman, Harvard's William G. Cochran and Dr. Louis F. Fieser. One smoked cigars: Michigan's Dr. Maurice H. Seever. One smoked a pipe: Texas' Dr. Charles A. LeMaistre. Five were nonsmokers: the Army's (formerly Cornell's) Dr. Stanhope Bayne-Jones, Pittsburgh's Dr. Emmanuel Farber, Utah's Dr. Walter J. Burdette, Columbia's Dr. Jacob Furth, Indiana's Dr. John B. Hickam. (Halfway through the study, Dr. Terry switched from cigarettes to a pipe.)

The committee proved itself to be a deep-digging, shirt-sleeved group. Members worked like prairie dogs, most of the time five stories underground in the basement of the National Library of Medicine at Bethesda, Md. Their task was not to do original research, but to evaluate 8,000 studies, many mainly statistical, by other investigators from around the world. The job included a last-minute appraisal of the massive analysis presented by the American Cancer Society's E. Cuyler Hammond to the A.M.A. in Portland, Ore. (TIME, Dec. 13). At the end of 14 months' study, the committee found that:

► Cigarette smoking "contributes substantially to mortality from certain specific diseases and to the overall death rate." Its effects are in direct proportion to the number of cigarettes smoked and the number of years the habit persists.

► The sharpest risk is lung cancer, from which cigarette smokers have a death rate almost eleven times as high as that for nonsmokers. Smokers' death

rates from other diseases are: bronchitis and emphysema, 6.1 times the rate for nonsmokers; cancer of the larynx, 5.4 times as high; ulcers of the stomach and duodenum, 2.8; cancer of the bladder, 1.9; coronary artery disease, 1.7; hypertensive heart disease, 1.5. (Heart and artery diseases combined cause many more premature deaths than does lung cancer.)

► For women smokers the death rate from lung cancer appears to be increasing along the same lines as that for men.

► There is not yet enough evidence to

WALTER SANDERS



SURGEON GENERAL TERRY
The need: remedial action.

show whether filter cigarettes are really safer than "straights."

► Quitting smoking definitely helps.

► Pipe smoking is almost harmless. One risk: a slight increase in the incidence of cancer of the lip.

► Cigar smoking, up to five cigars a day, is apparently safe; for men who smoke more than five cigars a day, the death rate is only slightly higher than for nonsmokers.

► "Possible benefits" from the use of tobacco took only 1 1/2 pages of the report. The committee decided that they lie in "a psychogenic search for contentment," and cannot be measured.

Tar & Nicotine. The committee's report was presented in the auditorium of the Old State Department building last Saturday morning, a time carefully chosen to make the Sunday newspapers and because all stock exchanges were closed. It was handled with all the secrecy of a state document, but its tenor had been widely anticipated. Retail sales of pipes, including dainty little bowls for women, had boomed. So had sales of filter cigarette holders. American Tobacco Co. jumped the gun by beginning to market Carlton, a filter ciga-

rette, with its tar and nicotine content—claimed to be well below the average for popular brands—clearly shown on the package.

How much effect the report would have was uncertain. After every such previous report, there has been a sharp drop in cigarette sales, soon followed by a rebound. Smokers tried to kick the habit, only to light up again. The answer lies in what eventually emerges from the committee's call for "appropriate remedial action." What should this be? That, Dr. Terry said, was not in the jurisdiction of his committee, but he added that federal agencies consider the report so significant that there will be "no foot dragging."

Tobacco Institute Spokesman George V. Allen, pressed for comment, said he had not had time to read the full 387-page report with its 80 tables, added: "I endorse wholeheartedly Dr. Terry's call not for less but for more research. The tobacco industry, which is already supporting a considerable body of health research, stands ready to increase that support." Though the Surgeon General's committee insisted that the "causal relationship" of smoking to disease has been proved, it can agree with the tobacco men that the mechanisms of causation remain to be found.

The Federal Trade Commission was already reviewing its regulations pertaining to cigarette advertising, with a view to tightening them. Paced by CBS, all TV networks decided to re-examine their advertising standards. Oregon Senator Maurine Neuberger (whose husband had been a cancer victim) plans to introduce two bills aimed at forcing manufacturers to state nicotine and tar content. What more will result from the committee's call for "remedial action" remains to be seen.

CANCER

Picking the Best Marrow

In many forms of leukemia, the blood-cell factory inside the victim's bone marrow produces too many white blood cells, of the wrong kind, and too fast. To get the marrow back on a proper production schedule, medical investigators have tried many ingenious, drastic and daring experiments. Now five Paris doctors believe they have found a possible answer in the blood and bone marrow of a patient's relatives.

The French physicians, led by Dr. Georges Mathé, got the idea from the emergency treatment improvised in 1958 for victims of a reactor accident in Yugoslavia—five nuclear scientists who got what would ordinarily have been a fatal overdose of radiation. Four were pulled through and are still doing well, thanks to injections of bone marrow. The radiation that almost killed the patients had made them able to accept other people's marrow cells, instead of rejecting them through nature's familiar "immune reaction."

Last spring, when some of the same doctors had a male patient of 26 dying

PALAZZI, PRAXITELES AND PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS

Rome / Athens / London



by Peter Griffith

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NEW HAVEN TRAFFIC COP
It can be just as bad down on the farm.

of leukemia, they decided to give him marrow transplants. But whose marrow? His parents were still living; so were three brothers and a sister. Rather than trust their own judgment in picking which relative had the closest-matching marrow cells, the doctors left the choice to nature.

First they gave the patient a hefty dose of gamma rays—enough not only to knock out his bone marrow but to kill him, unless he soon got some more marrow. Within a week, they report in the *British Medical Journal*, they injected into his veins two quarts of a mixture of blood and bone marrow drawn from all six of his closest kin. Then, although he was kept in an atmosphere as nearly germ-free as possible, the patient got sick. He developed a usually fatal form of tuberculosis; evidently some bacilli had been dormant in his body, and the radiation had destroyed his defenses against infection. Somehow, today's miracle drugs pulled him through, and his new marrow is still manufacturing new cells.

Which of his relatives saved him? The Paris doctors are not sure, but from matching cells they think it was his youngest brother. Their shotgun attack with cells from six donors, they suggest, gave the patient's own system a chance to select the most suitable marrow.

TOXICOLOGY

Monoxide in Small Doses

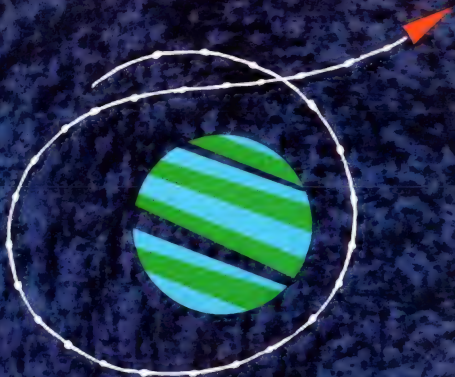
Everyone knows what happens when a would-be suicide closes the garage door, runs a hose into his car from the tail pipe, and sits inside the car with the engine running. Carbon monoxide, in such heavy doses, is one of the deadliest of gases. It gets into the blood and starves the brain of vital oxygen. The victim turns red and usually dies. But doctors have been arguing for decades about the effects of small doses of monoxide poison over long periods. Only recently have they begun to collect evi-

dence that such small doses may do permanent damage to the brain.

One trouble is that moderate monoxide poisoning produces symptoms so confusing that they baffle the most ingenious and elaborate diagnostic methods. In the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Yale University Neurologists Gordon J. Gilbert and Gilbert H. Glaser reported the particularly bizarre case of a New Haven traffic cop who sometimes seemed to be "overly jocular and playful" but more often was true to his trade—nervous and irritable. Nearly every afternoon, after several hours on duty, he felt dizzy and sleepy and got the staggers. Sometimes he became unconscious for 15 minutes to 14 hours.

After a year of these symptoms, the cop took a transfer to the police garage, where he worked as a mechanic. He got no better and wound up in the Yale-New Haven Medical Center, where he soon improved and began gaining weight—only to have a severe relapse after six months back on the job. What helped the doctors clear up his case was the fact that the cop sometimes took a holiday down on the farm, working a tractor that required him to walk behind it. Helped by tractor-engine exhaust, his vacation "cure" gave him the same nervous-system symptoms as he had had in the city: abnormal brain waves, mental dullness, inability to concentrate, and tremor.

Most medical men believe that the body flushes out carbon monoxide quickly after a return to breathing pure air. The Yale neurologists say this may not always be true after repeated exposures, and certainly not for all people: the New Haven cop had a high blood level of monoxide 30 hours after exposure to the fumes. European experiments with lab animals confirm the growing suspicion that leaky stovepipes, rusted-out mufflers, and running a car for even a few minutes inside a garage may involve greater and more subtle dangers than doctors have realized.



a letter to the **EDITORS**

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McCarthy's Last Stand

Point of Order. The Army-McCarthy hearings were superb political theater. In this fascinating film, a 97-minute précis of what television audiences saw at the time, the theater is heightened by intelligent and impartial editing.

The reason the Senate held the hearings is explained in a terse foreword: the Army charged that McCarthy and two members of his staff, Roy Cohn and Frank Carr, had sought special favors for Private G. David Schine, one of McCarthy's assistants. McCarthy and Cohn countercharged that the Army was holding Schine as a hostage to prevent their investigation of subversion in the Army.

Then the drama begins, and it is constructed like a prizefight. In the early rounds the opponents politely feel each other out, and there is time for the referee to provide low comic relief ("Am I running this committee," Senator Mundt splutters ineffectually, "or am I not?"). In the middle rounds the opponents get down to serious slugging, and both take damaging blows—the evidence demonstrates that McCarthy attempted to blackmail the Army and that the Army then attempted to buy McCarthy off. But in the later rounds, McCarthy begins to swing wildly, and Joseph N. Welch, the Army's counsel, delicately cuts him into paper dolls. His methods are exposed as stupid, his moral

is the look of a very sick man, and it did more to damage McCarthy's case than any evidence introduced against him. When the hearings were finished, McCarthy was finished as a force in U.S. political life.

Adagio Funereo

Moderato Cantabile is a French movie made by an Englishman, Director Peter Brook (*Lord of the Flies*). Surprisingly, it seems an authentic French movie; unhappily, it is not a very good one. Based on a novel by Marguerite Duras, *Moderato* retells the sad tale of Flaubert's *Emma Bovary* as a contemporary case. Poor Emma. She always was a dull little dame, but in 1857 she at least made a social point.

In Brook's film as in Flaubert's book, the heroine (Jeanne Moreau) lives in a French provincial town and is married to a prosperous and proper bourgeois who is even duller than she is. She is bored, she falls in love with a younger man (Jean-Paul Belmondo), she loves him. At this point, Flaubert's heroine kills herself. Brook's heroine, alas, owes rather less to Flaubert than she does to Freud. Her drama is not a tragedy of society but a crisis of identity. "She wants to live a life, anybody's life, even her own," her lover observes. Her undoing does not lead to death but to a death wish—"I wish you were dead," he rages, and she replies, "I am."

Moderato Cantabile might better have been titled *Adagio Funereo*; it is much too long, much too lugubriously languid. On the other hand, Director Brook's musical score—he developed it himself from a sonatina by Diabelli—is sensuous and tender. And Armand Thirard's photography is almost too dreamily lovely to believe. The film was actually shot at Blaye on the River Gironde, and in Thirard's frames, the big river, the wide land, the vast sky and the quiet clouds all seem to be shimmering mysteriously in the depths of a tremendous pearl.

Strange Things Are Done 'Neath the Midnight Sun

To Bed or Not to Bed is a sly Italian comedy that says the Swedish women are as frigid as the Swedish climate. The hero (Alberto Sordi) is an Italian fur merchant who goes to Sweden to pick up some mink—and any other skin he can lay his hands on.

First night in Stockholm he takes a cute little trick (Barbro Wastenson) to his hotel suite, plies her with Vat 69, shows her his war wound, edges toward the bedroom—as she eases out the door. Next day he meets a rich and beautiful woman who assures him her husband won't mind if she does—but then she doesn't. Next day he is seduced into a sauna by a luscious young thing who romps with him stark naked in the



SORDI & WASTENSON IN "TO BED"

The mink is scarce.

snow—and calmly walks off to meet her boy friend. The only time he finds a willing woman, she turns out to be 13.

The joke is pretty obvious, and *To Bed* could easily have been just one more priapic picture. But Actor Sordi and Director Gian Luigi Polidoro tell their risky story with sophistication and restraint. They suggest much more than they say. They suggest, for example, one good reason why so many Swedish men like to take their vacations in Italy.

The Doll is a Swedish picture about a young man who finds Swedish women so forbidding that he falls in love with a plaster manikin. One night he steals the manikin, takes it home to his crummy garret, puts it gently in his bed. "Are you comfortable?" he tenderly inquires as he tucks the covers in. Then he goes respectfully to sleep in a chair. Next day he brings flowers for the object of his affections, kisses it passionately on the lips, begs it to come alive and be his lady love.

So it does—or anyway he thinks it does. Before his eyes it becomes a living woman who speaks to him, caresses him, says she loves him and thinks he's wonderful. His face brightens, his mind darkens. Insanely in love, he stays home from work because he cannot bear to be apart from his imaginary innamorata. But the idyl is soon over. The man in the next room comes snooping and discovers what the hero is keeping in his bed. Mockingly he strokes the lifeless body. In a rage the hero shoots him and then smashes the manikin to bits. But one of the bits is her head, and there it sits in the middle of the floor, looking up at him and smiling, smiling.

Director Arne Mattsson (*One Summer of Happiness*) has fashioned *The Doll* with skill and care. He clearly expects it to be seen as an accurate case history and a serious work of art. But the sight of the man and the manikin together is too absurd to be taken seriously. Maybe Sex in Sweden should never have been taken seriously anyway.



COHN & MCCARTHY IN "POINT"

The hyena is desperate.

als as prehistoric. "At long last," Welch cries in revulsion, "at long last, sir, have you no decency left at all?"—and the spectators burst into sustained applause.

In the end, the other Senators on the subcommittee turn fiercely against McCarthy. "No one is afraid of you . . . in or out of jail," bellows Senator McClellan, and Senator Symington hoots: "Go see a psychiatrist." Even Counsel Cohn looks as though he longed to desert the sinking ship. As for McCarthy, he just sits there with a strange and frightening look on his face: a smile that is somehow vicious, a grin like the grin of a wounded and desperate hyena. The look

THE PRESS

CORRESPONDENTS

Covering a Pilgrimage

Paris Match, the French picture magazine, chartered a Caravelle jet to fly 55 staffers and a photo processing lab to the Holy Land. RAI, Italy's government-owned broadcasting system, borrowed an L.S.T. from the Italian Navy, debarked 35 vehicles and 245 men. Tiny Lebanon managed to deploy a journalistic force of 60. Even Tass, the Russian news service, and the big Moscow dailies, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, put correspondents on the scene. All told, some 1,200 newsmen from 34 countries converged on the first papal visit to the Holy Land. Inevitably, the press and its photographers made much of the news themselves.

Never before has a Pope been subjected to such literally bruising personal contact with the press. But only once did Paul VI show annoyance at the ceaseless importunities of the newsmen. In Capernaum, where he knelt to pray in the ruins of a synagogue where Christ himself is said to have preached, Paul drew back in dismay when a radio newscaster thrust a microphone directly under the papal chin.

Papa, Benedizione. Paul's tolerance was repeatedly put to the test, and everywhere it was difficult to tell which was more important, the Pope or the pop of a flashbulb. A swarm of 150 reporters and photographers crashed one of the Pope's private meetings with Patriarch Athenagoras I, scuffled boisterously for position while the two religious leaders stared in surprise. Outside the walled Garden of Gethsemane, police had to pull prying newsmen from

ladders. One freelance U.S. photographer managed to angle an automatic, motor-driven camera into the tomb in Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where Paul had gone to pray.

At Galilee, photographers waded knee-deep into the water to snap the Pope head on. As Paul climbed back up the old stone steps leading from the shore, his path was blocked by a genuflecting Italian lensman. "*Papa, benedizione* [Your benediction, Pope]," implored the photographer. Paul complied—giving the waylayer just the picture he had been after.

A Christian? Authorities in Jordan and Israel had made press arrangements that, on paper at least, complemented the papal tolerance. Press censorship was temporarily lifted, and passage across the border separating the two bitter enemies was made easy for newsmen. The only correspondent to encounter any serious trouble at the checkpoint was the New York Times's Milton Bracker, who, on entering Jordan, gave the wrong answer to a routine question: "Are you a Christian?" "No," replied Bracker. "I am a Jew." Authorities begged him to retract his response, if only for their records. When the defiant Bracker refused, they admitted him to Jordan anyway.

Official forbearance eventually gave way under the pressure of the press. Jordanian troops escorting what was soon dubbed "the papalcade" eventually resorted to muscle, swagger sticks and gun huts to keep order in the unholy mess. Cessio Lalli, sedate papal diarist for *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican daily, lost his temper after a manhandling by Arab Legionnaires. "You may be the soldiers of Herod," he snapped, "but please remember that I am not a Christian infant."

Show Business. With so many on the scene, Paul's pilgrimage got a predictably heavy play in the world's press. Front pages bloomed in a gaudy array of Holy Land route maps and pious headlines: PAUL KNEELS WHERE JESUS

BOWED TO THE WILL OF GOD (New York Daily News), LORD, GIVE US PEACE (Hamburg Bild-Zeitung), PEACE AND LOVE (London Daily Express). In three days, the New York Times lavished 73 columns on the story. Quoted Scripture (*John: 17:20*), covered everything from the space Paul rated in the Moscow press (150 words) to the blessing he bestowed on his air escort, and got Jesus in a five-column Page One headline.

Some of the stories bordered on the inane. Hearst Headliner Bob Considine, appraising the large flock of reporters in the Holy Land, decided that covering the Big Story had "put an early dent in the budgets of the news media." But, he added philosophically, "that's show business." Columnist Jim (*The Day Christ Died*) Bishop stayed home, stitching together a fact sheet on Jesus and his relatives. The Lord's given name, Bishop reported solemnly, was Jeshua; he was probably born in the year 6 B.C. of a 15-year-old girl named Mary. With a touch of his own ecumenism, Editor Robert Gamzey of the Intermountain Jewish News, a Denver weekly, reported the Pope's visit not only for his own paper but for Denver's Catholic Register.

Down on the Ranch

"Here comes the bride," sang the host, a tall, genial man standing in the cabin with a highball in his hand, the very picture of relaxation. And when Lady Bird appeared, smiling tolerantly, he planted a resounding husband's kiss on her cheek. Later, he resumed his attentions to his guests—among them, two of the some dozen slightly incredulous members of the Washington press corps. They were all down on the L.B.J. ranch in Texas by invitation of the President, and it was a weekend none of them is likely to forget.

If there was any lingering doubt that Lyndon Johnson likes his press relations on the easygoing side, those doubts were removed last week. The guest list at the L.B.J. ranch seemed to be limited not so much by presidential hospitality, which was boundless, as by the number



POPE & PRESS AT GALILEE



PARIS MATCH CHARTER PLANE

It was hard to tell which was more important—the Pope or the flashbulb's pop.



"... SO, IN KEEPING WITH OUR FLEXIBLE PRESS CONFERENCE FORMAT ..."

of correspondents who asked to see the President.

High-Speed Tour. Chicago Sun-Times Editorial Cartoonist Bill Mauldin asked permission to land his own plane on the ranch's landing strip. Permission granted. Scotty Reston of the New York Times called from Phoenix. Could he come over? He could indeed. The President sent his own plane to intercept Reston and his wife in Dallas, and as a Johnsonian joke drafted Bill Mauldin as copilot. The President thoroughly relished the gag's payoff: Reston did not recognize Mauldin (*TIME* Cover, July 21, 1961), and let the cartoonist carry his luggage.

Marianne Means, White House correspondent for the Hearst papers, popped in on presidential invitation and had a hard time getting away. Johnson made her add her name, alongside Konrad Adenauer's, Ludwig Erhard's and John F. Kennedy's, to the "friendship stone" embedded in a ranch walk. He insisted that she sit next to him at dinner. Before a flight of three helicopters left the ranch, he sent Presidential Aide Jack Valenti over to pluck Marianne from one chopper and re-install her in the President's.

Tom Wicker of the New York Times, Phil Potter of the Baltimore Sun and Douglas Kiker of the New York Herald Tribune were invited for a fish fry. Next morning Wicker was taken on a ride in the presidential Lincoln. Chauffeur: Lyndon B. Johnson. Velocity: up to 70 m.p.h. *TIME*'s Hugh Sidey got a chicken dinner and a boat ride up the lower Colorado River. Guide: Lyndon B. Johnson. The Restons' visit became practically a family outing. Learning that Reston's son Richard, a Washington correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, was in Austin, Johnson ordered Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger to round him up.

Perfect Host. Nearly everyone got a ten-gallon Texas hat from the President. When the Times's Wicker dropped his in some viscous Texas clay, the Presi-



THE JOHNSONS HOSTING NEWSMEN IN TEXAS

The hospitality was boundless; the guests slightly inebriated.

dent wiped it off for him, using the presidential handkerchief. Always he was the perfect host. The Scotch never ran out. The President regaled his guests with stories from the Roosevelt days, and—off the record—confided all sorts of things what he thinks about some of his Cabinet, for instance. One night, Johnson even got on the phone to call Phil Potter's editor long distance and report that the Sun's boy was on the job.

When the weekend finally ended, the presidential guests were exhausted. Not the host. Scarcely was he back in Washington than he kept a prearranged date with both houses of Congress. And there, delivering the State of the Union address with soft-spoken assurance (see *THE NATION*), he was the very picture of a President.

NEWSPAPERS

Farewell Fellow Citizens

When Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, owner of the Freedom Newspaper chain (*TIME*, April 19), bought out the Lima, Ohio, News in 1956, his far-right editorial attacks on public schools and libraries, unions, and other Hoiles hates turned the town against him. When ex-News employees and local businessmen started the rival Lima Citizen the next year, 1,000 enthusiastic stockholders put up \$360,000 capital. In three months, the new paper reached 24,060 circulation while the News slipped to 15,363. By year's end, the Citizen was ahead in advertising too. "If we can't survive with the help everyone is giving us," said Editor Robert C. Barton, "then we're just poor newspapermen."

They underestimated their enemy. Hoiles, now 85, may be a political crank, but he is also a newspaper pro. And he had a big bankroll to boot. His News snapped up the good comic strips, flooded rural districts with sample cop-

ies, cut subscription prices to 25¢ a week, and countered losses by putting out free copies of a shopping guide offered to advertisers at rock-bottom combination rates. Hoiles also strengthened his editorial staff, concentrated on local news, added a Sunday TV supplement. By 1960 the News pulled ahead in circulation and began to get advertisers back. The News still lost as much as \$600,000 a year. The Citizen lost less, but could afford it less.

Last week, with the headline FAREWELL FELLOW CITIZENS, the Lima Citizen ceased publication, beaten by financial weakness and its own failure to live up to its early promise of leadership. Hoiles paid just over \$1,250,000 for the paper's assets—a price that should clear the Citizen's debts, pay benefits to the 163 employees, fully refund the stockholders' money, and leave a little over to prosecute the Citizen's still-continuing civil antitrust suit against Hoiles claiming \$7,800,000 treble damages as a result of his determined competition.

COLUMNISTS

Cancellations for a Candidate

When a new political pundit offered his wares to the U.S. press 3½ years ago, the Denver Post was one of the first papers to sign up. But last week the Post dropped Columnist Barry Goldwater from its editorial page. Reason: Goldwater is an announced candidate for the Republican nomination for President. It would hardly be fair to other candidates, explained the Post, to go on running the Goldwater column.

Some of Goldwater's 134 other papers seemed to feel the same way. By week's end, five more had either suspended or canceled Barry's column. Goldwater planned to keep on writing the column as long as any papers would run it.

By Henry Kerner, who also painted Reston's cover portrait (Feb. 15, 1960).

MODERN LIVING

FAIRS

Out of the Bull Rushes

Pick up your left foot, pick up your right,

Walk away from every care.

This is your fun time, you are entitled to it.

Fair is Fair.

And Moses is Moses. This week, in the world's most glamorous ex-dump, feet were being picked up in double time to the tune of Richard Rodgers' official *Fair Is Fair* march to prove that when Robert Moses says there is going to be a world's fair in Flushing Meadow in 1964, there damn well will be a fair. In the flat-roofed headquarters building, the electronic countdown clock (Fair staffers call it "the Uleer Machine") was ticking off the seconds, minutes, hours and days before the long-promised morning of Wednesday, April 22. With 14 weeks to go, it had finally become apparent to everyone that the deadline would be met. Finally, that is, to everyone but Fair President Moses; he never had any doubts. "All that remains," says he, "is to pitch in, let nothing slow our pace, and throw open the doors to those who said at the beginning that we couldn't make it."

There had been good reason for skepticism. The 1959 announcement of the world's biggest world's fair was greeted with a who-needs-it attitude by many of the nation's best-heeled potential exhibitors. The Paris-based International Bureau of Expositions huffily refused to recognize Moses' \$500 million gambol in the meadow as a proper world's fair on the grounds (among other reasons) that there can be only one world's fair per country per decade, and Seattle was it. But the big corporations came round, and some nations skirted the bureau code by allowing private trade associations to take over the financing of exhibits; one member nation, Lebanon, defied it by going ahead with an official pavilion. More than 50 nations are represented, and of the major powers, only Great Britain, Italy and Russia abstain.

Belly Dancers, Dragons. Ever since Prince Albert masterminded the first one at London's Crystal Palace in 1851, world's fairs have been almost as frequent as revolutions. Many have influenced the architecture, the entertainment tastes and the commerce of their day. In the U.S., the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, with its acres of white plaster palaces, has been accused of setting the cause of modern architecture back by generations; it also established the belly dance as a U.S. art form. Forty years later, Chicago's 1933 Century of Progress Exposition helped spread the gospel of contemporary architecture with its buildings in the "modernistic" style—forests of blue mirrors, thickets of chromium stair rails, and jungles of neon tubing; it also

gave America the fan dance. New York's 1939 fair brought a sense of monumentality combined with reason to architecture, with its carefully planned plazas of glass brick and fluted stucco. It also floated the Aquabelle.

Moses' fair has no architectural unity, and this fact may be its esthetic salvation. Architects and city planners screamed "hodgepodge" when Moses first revealed that it was going to be every designer for himself in 1964. But the resulting potpourri of styles, materials and shapes provides a laboratory for architectural experimenters

BILL SPRADUE



ROBERT MOSES

"Let nothing slow our pace."

who can afford to test new and nutty ideas on temporary structures—ideas which may give permanent builders in the U.S. something to think about. Buildings range in style from Architect Ira Kessler's Doric-columned Hall of Free Enterprise, through the gold and vermilion dragon's lair of the Hong Kong pavilion dreamed up by Painter Dong Kingman, and the fortresslike stone Japanese pavilion embellished by Sculptor Masayuki Nagare, to one of Eero Saarinen's last works, the egg-shaped IBM pavilion, which nests above steel treetops, hauls 500 spectators at a time up into its ovoid interior on a sloping "people wall" to view a nine-screen movie about computers.

Theme symbol of the Fair is the Unisphere, a stainless-steel skeleton of the earth complete with illuminated, cut-glass inserts marking capital cities. The 120-ft.-diameter globe is the gift of U.S. Steel, will remain on its fountainhead after the Fair closes. Visitors remembering the Trylon, the triceroneered obelisk that towered 700 ft. above the 1939 fair, may wonder why

nothing so tall or eye-catching looms above the 1964 exposition. The answer is "progress," in the form of a skylift of jets lowering for Kennedy International Airport six miles away or for La Guardia even closer at hand. The FAA has put a ceiling on the Fair. Tallest structure allowed is the 232-ft. observation tower of the New York State pavilion; on most other buildings, there is an 80-ft. limit. In place of a Trylon, a 13 billion-candlepower tower of light beaming up from the Electric Power and Light pavilion will lure fairgoers at night.

Enough domes have been decreed to make Kubla Khan's eyes bug. Buckminster Fuller's 159-ft.-diameter geodesic dome (TIME cover, Jan. 10) floats over the 2,100-seat World's Fair assembly hall (designed by Architects Eggers and Higgins). Welton Becket & Associates has designed for General Electric a "curvilinear lamella" dotted with lights; moon craters and mountains encrust the dome of the Transportation and Travel pavilion, designed by Clive Entwistle Associates. The State of Alaska exhibit hunches beneath a concrete igloo conceived by Olson & Sands of Juneau.

The three largest exhibitors at the Fair are automakers. Behind a façade resembling a giant curving windshield, General Motors will present the 1964 model of the Futurama that it introduced at the 1939 fair, will tote 70,000 visitors a day into the future on moving lounge chairs. Ford has hired Walt Disney to whip up a Magic Skyway ride, an updated version of the old scenic railway, which seats visitors in shiny convertibles for an automated safari through a "time tunnel" into prehistory to observe the invention of that vital device, the wheel. In Chrysler's moated compound, between Ford and General Motors, something is going on, but only Chrysler knows what.

Next: Tomorrow. Robert Moses' 1964 catalog of "man's achievements in an expanding universe" (the Fair's theme) is, to a great degree, Grover Whalen's 1939 World of Tomorrow come true. Many of the predicted wonders of Whalen's tomorrow-land already seem old-hat after 25 years: superhighway networks, air-conditioned homes and television are long-established *faits accomplis*. The 1964 Fair forecasts a tomorrow of computers, Plexiglas, and vacations in outer space. Other samplings of man's latest (if less than major) achievements:

► "Touch-tone" phones (1,400 of them), with pushbuttons instead of dials, which the Bell System is installing in its pay stations. Also lounge-like "family booths," in which the whole family can talk to some isolated loved one via a centrally placed microphone—thus providing lifelike conversation, complete with interruptions. Bell will have another marvel to show as bait for future phone users: a device first perfected by the redoubtable Tom Swift

THE NEWEST WORLD'S FAIR



UNISPHERE, symbolic of a shrinking globe in an expanding universe, rises twelve stories tall above what will be, come spring, the center of the New York World's Fair.

Built by U.S. Steel and largest globe ever constructed, the centerpiece contains 375 tons of stainless steel, is circled by three astronomical rings signifying man in outer space.



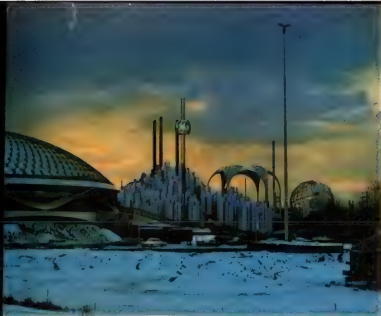
SITE OF WORLD'S FAIR at present is a snowy clutter and beehive of activity as some 5,000 workmen struggle through axle-deep mud to complete Robert Moses' \$500 million, 646-acre showplace by the April 22 opening deadline. Laid out on the same pattern as the 1939 fair, the 1964 extravaganza radiates out from Unisphere (center). In left fore-

ground, across Grand Central Parkway, lies the Transportation area, itself as large as the entire 1962 Seattle World's Fair and dominated by the Ford Motor building with its circular ribcage (*in distance*) and the General Motors building with a curved, tilted wall at one end and a hubcap-shaped dome (*in foreground*). At far left, marked with 1s, rises the Port of New York Authority's heliport-restaurant.

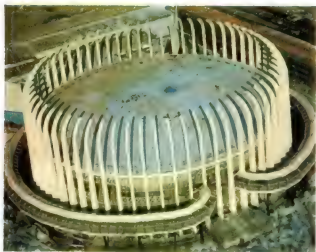


Fair's main axis runs from Unisphere to huge circular Fountain of the Planets backed by the serrated wing of the Bell System building (*upper right*). Already up around the fountain are the domes of General Electric's Progressland (*wauffed*), Travelers Insurance's umbrella (*red*) and IBM's floating egg. To the right of the Unisphere stands the State of New York pavilion like a giant, concave table on

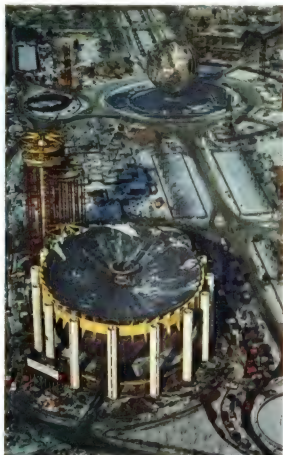
white legs; further to the right is the cone-peaked, oval Vatican pavilion. Some 50 foreign nations and 30 states of the Union will cluster in the center area. At upper left the hollow-centered U.S. pavilion hulks in a massive square. Across the Long Island Rail Road tracks rises the New York Mets' nearly completed Shea Stadium, scheduled for inauguration on April 17, and behind it is Flushing Bay.



PRISMATIC power and light complex, flanked by Gr.E. dome and Johnson's Wax arches, will beam the world's brightest light into the night.



PYLONED Ford pavilion is starting point for visitors riding 1964 cars at 4 m.p.h. through wrap-around tubes into Walt Disney-designed wonderland.



PLASTIC PANELS suspended from cable roof of New York State's Tent of Tomorrow (foreground) will bathe exhibits in multicolored glow.

PHOTOGRAPHIC prints, the largest ever displayed outdoors, loom over such Eastman Kodak picture-taking props as rooftop moon mountains.



in 1914 and now called "Picture Phone" will put callers on house-to-house TV.

► Pay-as-you-nap slumber rooms provided by the Simmons mattress company, where half-hour rest periods will be supervised by "Beautyrest Ladies," who will "check and gently awaken any guest who may have drifted from a light nap to a deep sleep." Price per half-hour snooze: \$1.

► A chance to photograph Mom as Serpent of the Nile on a set from *Cleopatra* at Hollywood, U.S.A., a concession masterminded by George Murphy, the former hooper, now a candidate for the Senate.

► A lifesize, plastic Abraham Lincoln (in the Illinois pavilion) that wrinkles its brow, winks its eye, and recites the Gettysburg Address like a bewhiskered Chatty Cathy.

► An actuary's-eye view of the U.S. in the Equitable Life pavilion, where a relief map will flicker with lights as citizens are born or die and a giant counter like a trip speedometer will chronicle the nation's minute-by-minute race toward population explosion.

► Electronic pen-palships formed in the Parker Pen pavilion, where a computer will match the interests and languages of Fair visitors with those of overseas correspondents.

If the 1964 Fair promises to be high on achievement, it will be low on hootchy-kootchy. The Meadow Lake Amusement Area, a monorail-belted ghetto for fun and games, will have its share of dancing girls who will bump not, neither will they grind; the reason may be a matter of money as much as morals. Girlie shows at the recent Seattle fair were a financial disaster, and efforts by operators to stimulate business by stimulating the customers brought the paddy wagon for the peelers. But Concession Consultant former Judge Samuel I. Rosenman says that there is no objection to "artistic" shows like the Folies-Bergère or the Lido revue from Paris (though not so bare for the Fair). Says Rosenman: "We want entertainment, all right, but something the police won't raid."

Hot Dogs, Memory Lane. From the top of the heliport, which rears like a T square in the sky at the west end of the Fair site, Robert Moses stood in galoshes and windbreaker last week, looking upon his work in all its muddy, megalithic splendor. What Moses saw, however, was not the Fair and the 70 million visitors who would come to gape and ache and learn during the next two years. He saw what would remain after the last hot dog had been sold, the last bluster soothed, and the last pageant had hung up its costumes.

Only the heliport, the Unisphere, and the Hall of Science, among the Fair's great buildings, will survive; the rest will be bulldozed down memory lane. Said Moses: "Even if their foundations were solid enough to make them last—which they aren't—what would we do with them? We want the land for peo-

ple, for a new sort of super Central Park, with marinas and every outdoor recreation facility. Greater New York's population center has shifted out here, with new apartments rising all the time, and people must have breathing space. This is the last world's fair for Flushing Meadow, and it is going to be a great and wonderful fair. But our park will be even greater."

TRAVEL

Take the Children

Nobody deserves a summer's vacation in Europe more than the parents of young children. But what to do with the children? The increasingly popular solution: take them along.

The most articulate spokesman for this solution is a pretty young woman

give it a try. Author Hadley bristles with travel tips, both obvious and esoteric.

► On clothes: "In every large city in Europe, the mode of dress is decidedly more formal and conservative than in our casual and easygoing U.S.A. Girls are dressed to look like girls and boys to look like boys."

► On trains: "The attention span of children for scenery is appallingly short." They like the trains themselves—for eating, sleeping, exploring. "Therefore, take advantage of train travel for long, overnight journeys."

► On planes: "A child throwing up is an unpleasant circumstance," to forestall which Traveler Hadley has discovered what she calls a "miracle pre-flight diet: Six hours before the flight, a little toast, coffee, tea or one-half glass of milk, and some tinned peaches

JOE ENGEL—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE



THE HADLEYS AT SEA & ADAMS CARTOON

So what's wrong with bullfights and torture chambers?



named Leila Hadley, whose four children (Arthur, 18, Victoria, 10, Matthew, 8, Caroline, 4), plus a peripatetic geologist husband and an inborn wanderlust provided the fieldwork for her new, four-volume guidebook, *How to Travel with Children in Europe*.

Miracle Flight Diet. For one thing, says Miss Hadley, "more unusual, unexpected and downright pleasant things happen when you travel with your children than when you travel alone. Children have a way of making friends unself-consciously both for themselves and for you. . . . People everywhere go out of their way to be helpful and kind to families with children." Traveling together also produces the treasure of the shared experience. And for those experiences you don't want to share with the small fry, Mother Hadley waxes ecstatic over Europe's part-time-child-care facilities. "Accustomed to baby sitters who spend more time watching television than the children, it is one of the small joys of traveling abroad to be greeted by . . . baby sitters who play with your children, laugh with your children, and watch them with a constancy and affection that I've seldom seen duplicated by part-time help in America."

For parents who have decided to

with heavy syrup; 4 hours before the flight, 8 to 16 ounces of any of the calorie-rich reducing liquids."

► On bidets: "It's no good to say 'It's not a drinking fountain,' because your child will still want to know what it is. There's no use your giving your child a purposely wrong answer. It's a foot bath" can only lead to future embarrassment, misinterpretation and general confusion. As far as I know, there is no evasive answer. Just say it's a bottom washer-offer."

Shocks & Surprises. Mother Hadley is not one for insulating young minds from un-American sights and sounds that may seem somewhat shocking. The sheer gruesomeness of a torture chamber, she feels, may inspire children with more respect for and curiosity about history's tortured. She feels much the same way about bullfights. She advises parents to explain the mythological and historical background of bullfighting to any children "capable of understanding and reason" and then take them to a major corrida. "Whether your children are horrified or think it enormously exciting, I think, in light of its past history and present pageantry, a bullfight is a fine addition to a child's education, and I can't imagine going to Spain and not seeing one."

THE LAW

LIABILITY

After Holocaust, Who Pays?

A small but real chance of catastrophic accident rides with many a military and scientific program. Nuclear weapons have already been involved in at least ten accidents—always, so far, without exploding, though one 24-megaton bomb jettisoned by a B-52 was reportedly found in a field with five of its six safety interlocks set off. Such peaceable activities as weather control have taken risks with equally destructive energies, as when the early Project Cirrus seeded an Atlantic hurricane with dry ice, only to have it veer 120° to side-swipe a thinly populated stretch of Georgia coast. Yet if a large-scale disaster actually does occur in a Government program, the injured public has no assurance of compensation.

Whom could future disaster victims sue? The Federal Tort Claims Act establishes that the Government is liable at most for proved negligence of its employees. Contractors, except a few working for the Atomic Energy Commission or doing Defense Department research, are on their own; if their products are at fault in a catastrophe, they can be liable for enough to outstrip any conceivable insurance and bankrupt them many times over. But to collect even a few cents on the dollar, the victim would probably face the staggering job of pinning down in court exactly which of perhaps dozens of contractors and subcontractors were actually to blame.

The small chance became thundering reality in Texas City in 1947, when two shiploads of ammonium nitrate ferti-

lizer blew up in the harbor, setting off fires and further explosions that killed 512 people, wounded more than 3,500. The dreary legal aftermath of that holocaust is recalled in a new study of Government liability by Columbia University's Legislative Drafting Research Fund, which points out that Texas City victims waited nine years for their first penny of Government compensation. After the Supreme Court ruled they could not collect under the Tort Claims Act, a special act of Congress allowed them just \$16,698,000 against damages estimated up to \$300 million.

What is needed, the research report urges, is a new law for direct Government compensation so that disaster victims can get partial payment with emergency speed, with determination of the full amount later. Contractors would still be liable up to a ceiling of perhaps \$10 million. Beyond that the Government, ultimate sponsor of the ultrahazardous programs, would pay—and pay.

After Paying, Who Gets?

Once they are ready to go home after a stay in the hospital, most people are too delighted—or intimidated—to question the bill. Even when it seems too big, they shut up and pay up. Not Mrs. Helen Clark, a lawyer who likes to get what she pays for. When Manhattan's Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals billed her \$701.23 after eleven days of treatment for a blood clot in her leg, the figure struck her as high, and she asked for an itemized bill certified by a hospital official. Three years of legal hassles began.

The second bill was a tempting \$20 lower, which only confirmed Mrs. Clark's suspicions that hospitals can err in their accounting. And now she spotted \$45 for an X ray she had never received, plus \$187 for tests identified vaguely as "pathological services." She objected again. And she asked for certified copies of all of the tests.

The third bill came to \$656.23. The X ray had vanished, but an extra electrocardiogram at \$20 had appeared, just as mysteriously. Lawyer Clark balked once more. She got a fourth bill for \$636.23. But nothing was certified, and the hospital refused to give her the test results, offered only to send uncertified copies to her doctor. When Mrs. Clark demurred, the hospital sued.

Last week in Manhattan Civil Court, Judge Eugene McAuliffe sitting as special referee asked Defendant Clark, "What do you think you owe them?" She replied, "I owe \$616.23 if they give me my records. If not, it's less than \$400." The judge agreed: "I am of the opinion that when someone pays for something, he is entitled to it." The hospital's lawyers capitulated. She will get her records, they stipulated. "Hospitals have been getting away with too much," Mrs. Clark said firmly.



JUDGE GILLIS



JUDGE CAMPBELL & PURPLE TRUCK
A message in the crystal ball.

THE COURTS

The Men Beneath the Robes

After hearing all the testimony in the case of a woman on trial for fortune-telling, Detroit Judge Joseph A. Gillis adjourned his court and disappeared into his chambers carrying the defendant's crystal ball. A few minutes later, he returned to the bench. "Look into your crystal ball," he said to the woman, "and see if you can read my mind on your case." She gazed at the globe and, with obvious astonishment, read off: "Ninety days."

Judge Gillis had written the sentence on a slip of paper and pasted it on the bottom of the ball. He was amusing himself with another of the lighthearted gags that have made him one of Michigan's best-known judges.

"Get Out of the Boat." Such horsing around hardly squares with the standard image of stern, black-robed dignity. But a judge's job allows a great deal of individual freedom. Supervision by superiors is almost always far from the courtroom, and an occasional judge is as unconventional as Gillis. Some judges, indeed,



TEXAS CITY DISASTER, 1947

A small chance became thundering reality.

Group W produces an educational series



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Group W has produced a series of thirty television lectures on the "Meaning of Communism."*

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This series provides a dispassionate analysis of the principles and realities that shape Communism and Russia today. The lectures will appear on Group W stations, and will be made available to other broad-

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*The series features Prof. Marshall D. Shulman, Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, and Prof. Henry L. Folsom, Director of Columbia University's Russian Institute, and is based on "The Meaning of Communism" published by the Silver Burdett Ginn Company/Time Incorporated.



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seem eccentric in their very insistence on maintaining decorum. Justice Irving Saypol of New York State's Supreme Court handed down many decisions last year, but he made his biggest splash in the local press by rebuking a woman lawyer for wearing "a flamboyant turban with the many colors of Joseph's coat." In New Orleans, Judge J. Bernard Cocke of the state criminal court recently sentenced several witnesses to four hours in jail because they arrived in court a few minutes late.

While some judges are sticklers for decorum, others are noted for informality. Judge Thomas B. Pugh of Baton Rouge, La., city court often hands out cigarettes and coffee to defendants during the morning recess. Chicago's Municipal Judge Cecil Corbett Smith, at present unassigned because of alleged associations with the underworld, had a habit of eating sandwiches on the bench while his court was in session. Circuit Judge Waldo C. Mayfield of St. Louis is remarkable for his blunt remarks to lawyers in his courtroom. An ardent fisherman and hunter, he frequently admonishes a lawyer to "fish, cut bait or get out of the boat," or tells him he is "barking up a cold trail."

Something Like Solomon. Boston's Superior Court Judge Frank J. Donahue hands down heavy sentences, especially in nonsupport cases, and lawyers swear they can always tell when he is about to send somebody away for a "long ride" because he starts humming a tune to himself. County Judge Arch Campbell of Little Rock, Ark., who also serves as county commissioner, dotes on the color purple. Not content with having his own office decorated in purple, even to the telephone, he has had every one of the county's official vehicles painted to match. One federal district judge in Chicago is an impassioned admirer of Abraham Lincoln, has adorned his courtroom and chambers with Lincolniana. The judge: Abraham Lincoln Marovitz.

Perhaps the frankest of judges is General Sessions Judge Brown Taylor of Nashville, Tenn. He once dismissed a drunken-driving charge against a banker because "this man loaned me money when I needed it, and I'm going to help him now." After a witness in an assault case testified that the defendant struck him with a whip, Taylor offered some judicial advice: "Don't ever let anyone whip you. Take a gun and kill him."

For all their offbeat reputations, such judges are also capable of making practical use of their antic imaginations. Judge Gillis, the crystal ball man, reached a Solomonic judgment in the case of two men brought before him on charges of shooting dice. When the judge asked who owned the dice, each defendant pointed to the other. Gillis then ordered the policeman who was holding the dice to return them to the owner. One of the accused men reached out his hand. Gillis briskly pointed a finger at him and said: "Thirty days!"

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CORVAN—big air-cooled engine in rear, 6 doors, 150 springs all around.



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This is a brand-new low-priced economy-type delivery truck. We believe it is the best value in its field because of its quality construction.

The body and frame-floor assemblies are welded together. The truck is strong, rigid, stable.

All the doors are double-wall construction.

The big 90-hp 4-cylinder standard engine, which is up front, is more powerful than some sixes, yet remarkably economical. If you need more power, Chevy-Van offers a 120-hp six at extra cost.

The windshield is a big flat practical one-piece unit.

Chevy-Van has unusual resistance to rust. Critical areas such as front stepwells are galvanized. Sealers, primers and sprays are used on joints and underbody.

You have over 40 sq. ft. of completely usable flat floor back of the driver's seat—71½ ft. in length.

Rear doors are standard. Side doors are an extra-cost option.

WALK-IN VANS

Chevrolet ready-made Step-Vans are ideal for the deliveryman with hundreds of stops per day.

No truck on the market is better designed to make it easy for the



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You walk right into it, and walk right out of it—no stooping.

The seat is nice and high, and the windshield's as big as a bay window; you view the road as if you were driving a lighthouse.

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With a Step-Van, you may be tired at the end of a day, but it isn't from driving the truck.

There are 38 sizes and types. Body lengths range from 7 feet to 12½ feet, and cubic-foot capacities from 211 to 450.



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The man who buys Corvan has needs beyond simply delivering something from here to there.

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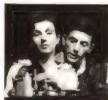


THE THEATER

Pas de Trois—Twice

The Lover, by Harold Pinter, and *Play*, by Samuel Beckett, are an off-Broadway pair of startlingly brief but beguilingly adroit one-acters. Each is like a ballet, a neatly executed *pas de trois* between husband, wife, and mistress. The dance is in the words and patterns, leaps of light or pirouettes of sensuality.

In *The Lover*, an Englishman who seems to be as tightly furled, emotionally, as his umbrella, asks his wife matter-of-factly, "Is your lover coming today?" Demure of dress, slightly abstracted of manner, she answers, "Mmnn." The husband thoughtfully agrees not to return before 6 p.m. He in turn reveals that he whiles away part of the time with a whore, "someone who can express and engender lust with



AS WIFE & HUSBAND

Aphrodisiacal.

AS MISTRESS & LOVER



all lust's cunning." It all sounds like a fearfully civilized arrangement.

Indeed, civilization may be the villain of the play. When the lover appears, he proves to be the husband, though in all other respects a totally different man. With cigarette dangling from his lips apache-fashion, the husband-lover advances on his mistress-wife (now clad in a sexy black dress), and the pair perform some erotic charades that turn the occasion into the afternoon of two fauns. After shuffling the cards of identity once again, Pinter clinches his point, that overcivilized modern man can no longer rely on his instincts and needs the aphrodisiac of make-believe in order to make love after the early rupture of marriage has gone.

In Beckett's *Play*, husband, wife and mistress are encased in mammoth urns up to their necks, and may be presumed dead. In fragmented monologue and monotone, each discusses the pain, the humor and the frenzy of their past relationship. A beam of light darts from head to head, almost comically, to start and stop each speaker, sometimes in midsentence or midburr. It is doubtless the eye of God, and it seems to be making their deaths half hellish, as they made their lives. Despite the slightly more somber tone of *Play*, both pieces are as playful as Beckett and Pinter are ever likely to get.



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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

ART

Radiating Sex & Soul

Gaston Lachaise had a way with women. At his touch, they stirred and swelled, breasts and bellies billowing. Women were plaster in his hands. Sculptures all, they are currently on exhibition at Los Angeles' County Museum of Art, part of the largest collection ever assembled of the late artist's works. A harem in stone and metal, they remind a world obsessed with Pop not to forget about Mom.

Lachaise was a bit obsessed himself. To him, women were mountains. Earth Mothers, the "life force" of the universe. He used them with a kind of explicit symbolism, exaggerating their shapes sometimes beyond recognition, twisting their bodies with almost mannerist intent. His work is frankly sexual; so much so, in fact, that the Museum of Modern Art would not include some of his last and best pieces in its retrospective show in 1935. Many of them were never cast until the Los Angeles Museum put them into bronze for this show. But Lachaise never intended to embarrass or astonish—only to say



SCULPTOR LACHAISE
A legacy of love.

something vital about the world in the most vital metaphor he knew.

A Girl from Boston. Lachaise loved all women through his worship for one. He was 20, and an art student in Paris, when he met Isabel Dutaud Nagle. She was American, ten years older than he, married, and the mother of a small boy, but nothing could deter their romance. "She became the primary inspiration that awakened my vision," wrote Lachaise, and gave up a promising career in France to follow Isabel home to Boston.

Seven years later, and a dozen years after they first met, they married; Isabel

would not get a divorce until her son was safely established at college. Lachaise won some public recognition at the 1913 Armory Show, but by the time of his first one-man exhibition, five years later, his sculptures were still tentative and shyly romantic, showing the influences—Rodin, *art nouveau*, and Roman sculpture—that he could not fully shake.

Rolling Pastures. He started to work toward "simplification and amplification" of his art, began his important projects *La Montagne* and *Dynamo*. *Mother* with a naturalistic sculpture and countless drawings. Of a work called *Woman*, he wrote: "As a vision sculptural, she began to move, vigorously, robustly, walking, alert, lightly, radiating sex and soul." Of *La Montagne*, he wrote: "Mountains neither jump nor walk, but have fertile rolling pastures, broad and soft as fecund breasts."

Though he did not found a school of sculpting and had no important followers, Lachaise left an indelible mark on the world. Jacques Lipchitz once confessed he was relieved that Lachaise died when he did (in 1935) because there was no room for two such sculptors. Isabel lived for another 20 years, a proud woman considered beautiful even in her 80s, surrounded until her death by a collection of volcanic women sculpted in her image, a husband's legacy of love.

Beyond the Pasteboard Mask

Anyone who is older than an Eagle Scout can remember the scandal. There was a grown man, a dreamer in denims named Jackson Pollock, tacking canvas to the floor and dribbling paint onto it. That was less than 20 years ago, but now Pollock has been dead nearly eight years, and the time has come for looking at Pollock in retrospect. This week Manhattan's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery provides the opportunity in a show of 150 Pollocks, drawn mainly from his widow's estate. That exhibition is backed by ten early works in the tiny Griffin Gallery.

The Marlborough exhibition (see color pages) shows that Pollock dripped most expressively, but he did much more than drip. The farmer's son from Cody, Wyo., was abstract expressionism's most inventive artist and its unquestioned pioneer of new forms.

Middens of Mythology. "He didn't have a logical mind," said Thomas Hart Benton, who was Pollock's teacher at Manhattan's Art Students League from 1929 to 1931, "but he was a very fine colorist." Perhaps he learned his color and texture from the land, when, he worked as a surveyor's helper; in any case, he learned drawing from anatomy up. He borrowed Benton's feel for the swirling sensuousness of oils, turned to the writhing images of the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco, loved the simu-



PAINTER POLLOCK

A battle between mind and hand.

ous drapery of baroque art. But his greatest influence came from childhood days in the Southwest; said painting by the Navahos, who sifted colored earths through their fingers to form flat talismans on the ground.

What Pollock missed in logic, he made up in intuition. Surrealism excited him in its reliance on the unconscious, and he underwent Jungian analysis in 1939 to unearth the middens of mythology stored in his mind.

Neon Phalanx. Rejecting the scientific color of the French impressionists, even the acid color of the German expressionists, Pollock explored a clattering spectrum, an American neon intensity of pigments. He used fast-drying enamels, and aluminum paint to produce higher highlights than white could yield. He hit upon the idea that the paint could be the image, not just serve as its representative. He rejected the notion that paintings should have visual climaxes that smack the eye—such as a Mona Lisa in the midst of a landscape—and instead made every square inch of his big works bear up under an equal pressure of paint.

Pollock inverted traditional perspective. Instead of a vanishing point, his paintings advance like a phalanx, encompassing and engulfing the eye beyond peripheral vision—like CinemaScope. But Pollock believed that art was more than communication—an idea that led him in conversation to emphasize the act of painting more than the outcome. This, in turn, led Critic Harold Rosenberg to dub his style "action painting"—and the phrase stuck.

Pollock stewed oils about, but nothing was an accident. If it was, he cleaned it up. He danced around, and even on top of, his work. In later years, he called his canvases "the arena," a flatland where he encountered himself in a battle between mind and hand. He improvised like a jazz musician, scattering paint off the tip of an ever-

Jackson Pollock

IN RETROSPECT



"CIRCLE" (circa 1936) by most famed American abstract expressionist was shaped by American Indian designs and the colors of his early mentor, Thomas Hart Benton.



"PORTRAIT AND A DREAM" (circa 1953) came after a period of black-and-white abstract calligraphy, combined that style and an almost representational head.

"EASTER AND THE TOTEM" (circa 1953) is a homage to Matisse—and a demonstration that Pollock was far more than the epithet "Jack the Dripper."



"SEARCH" (1955) was Pollock's agonizing effort to express all his artistry. He painted little from then until his death a year later in a car crack-up.



loaded brush in the whiplash rhythm of his choreography. Sometimes he added sand and broken glass for texture. "It is only when I lose contact with the painting that the result is a mess," he said in 1947. "Otherwise there is pure harmony, an easy give-and-take."

In 1951, after eight years of one-man shows (and rising prices), Pollock abruptly banished color from his work. He also began weaving images again with his whiplash scatter stroke. There emerged an ascetic calligraphy that, in daring the absurdity of sheer scribble, produced a flowing script that entranced the eye with its imagism.

The Deep. It was never simple for Pollock. Friends saw him, a cigarette smoldering on his lip, emerge from his studio limp as a wet dishrag. In 1953 Pollock took up brushes again, using his drip technique less and less frequently, to produce his last spurt of genius. In *Portrait and a Dream*, he showed the dichotomy between the monochrome meandering of his somnolent mind and the colorful mask of his own waking self. In *Easter and the Totem*, he paired a budding lily with a brown bullet totem that juts into the canvas from the left. He painted *The Deep*, a blinding flutter of butterfly wings which gape apart to reveal a fissure roiling like some hellish furnace. It was a fiery glimmer into the end.

Tortured by self-doubt and the derision of the public press, Pollock gave up the brush for the bottle. His forays from his remote Long Island studio into New York frequently ended in bar-room squabbles at the abstract expressionists' hangout, the old Cedar Bar. Painter Barnett Newman tried to keep him out of it. "They're laying for you," warned Newman. "You go in there a hero, and you come out a bum." One of Pollock's last major works was 1955's *Search*, an encyclopedia of his artistry in joyous Christmas colors. Its true thrill is seen best close up: an endless antipasto of textures, oils stained and then swirled into pastes, squiggles and scumbles, flecks and fissures that the viewer's eye wanders among, jerking with the appeal of each tiny element.

Drooling Imitators. On an August night in 1956, near East Hampton, L.I., while his wife, Painter Lee Krasner, was in Europe, Pollock drove off a high-crowned road at top speed, bounced off an embankment and smacked into trees. He and one of two young artist's models in the car were killed.

His widow had a huge boulder set near his grave. On it, a brass plaque is inscribed with the signature that finished his works. His top price while alive, \$10,000, soared ten times higher. Imitators flooded the art market with works that drooled more like a hungry walrus than like Pollock's. Few ever managed like Pollock to puncture what his favorite author Herman Melville called the "pasteboard mask" of visible reality, to pierce beyond the surface into the reasoning soul of men's minds.



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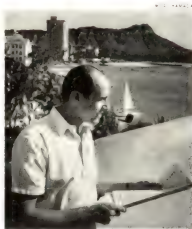
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For an audience of cobras, surprise.



TIOMKIN SCORING "GIANT"

COMPOSERS

To Touch a Moment

Music education that takes place in the dark classrooms of the movie theater begins with the lesson that love is a violin. Soon the moviegoer learns that modern jazz means trouble in the streets and that war is brass with cymbals. Worry and fear are both cellos, bravery is a trumpet call, and God is the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Film fans once trusted such associations implicitly, like cobras listening for their charmer's clarinet, but lately they have been startled by the sound of surprise. The new and higher esthetic of the film has made a greater range of emotion and circumstance available to Hollywood's composers, and the modern film score has attained a dignity it never had in the days when Cecil B. DeMille said, "If you can't whistle it, it's no good."

The function of the film score has always been the same: to touch the essence of the moment on screen. When it works, it comments on the action as words or pictures seldom can—warning of perils, praising the good, cursing the bad. A good score can enrich an actor's performance or make the heart flip at the camera's glimpse of the sky. The new movie music being written in Hollywood accomplishes all this with a freedom and imagination all but unknown to films ten years ago. An art has emerged from within a craft.

A Sweet Ambiance. Elmer Bernstein's brilliant jazz score for *Man with the Golden Arm* was among the first to depart from the prewar formula laid down by such old masters as Max Steiner, who has written more than 200 scores. Leonard Bernstein's *On the Waterfront* and Alex North's *Streetcar Named Desire* were part of the same revolt. The *Third Man*'s rither score had an insistent, mechanical inevitability that suggested a man out of control at his fate. *Viva Zapata!* rang with the violent sound of revolution, and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, for which Henry Mancini wrote one of the best film scores

ever, was lighted with a sweet *ambiance* that had the very taste of caviar.

Mancini, 39, is universally considered the king of the trade (TIME, May 25, 1962), with scores such as *Experiment in Terror*. TV's *Peter Gunn* and the brand-new *Charade* to his credit. With him, North, Dimitri Tiomkin, Elmer Bernstein, Ernest Gold and Miklos Rozsa share most of the significant action: together they write the music for at least a dozen pictures a year. Among new composers, Jerry Goldsmith, 34 (*Lonely Are the Brave*, *Freud*), and Jazzman John Lewis, 43 (*No Sun in Venice*, *Odds Against Tomorrow*), are the most admired. The young writers have completely abandoned the customary 100-piece orchestra of Tiomkin's heyday; for next month's *Shock Treatment*, Goldsmith uses a chamber orchestra and a chilling array of electronic instruments.

Embarrassing Case. Hollywood composers are among the world's best-paid (\$25,000 or so for a 45-minute score and about six weeks of their time), but their working conditions are esthetically punishing. Because sound-track music must be written to fit snatches of action that are timed to the second, it rarely makes sound musical sense—and heard apart from the film, it seldom makes sense at all. Except for a few haunting cases such as *Forbidden Games*, *Black Orpheus*, *Limelight*, movie scores are usually forgotten together with their movies, despite the recent proliferation of sound-track LPs.

Producers can also complicate things by insisting on jimmying a pop tune into a movie—as in the presently embarrassing case of Elmer Bernstein's *Love with the Proper Stranger*. The function of the tune is merely to promote the picture, and never mind the music. And the film industry is likely to give its Oscar to the score that got the best play on the hit parade. This year Rie Ortolani's *Mondo Cane* is a probable winner, thanks to its theme song. *More*, even though John Addison's *Tom Jones* and Mancini's *Charade* are clearly superior scores.

Something of Value. The stock of composers has lately risen in Hollywood. They are booked before the

script is written and consulted all the way through the shooting. They can argue the merits of their music with more luck than in the past, and their work is likely to get a fair share of the volume instead of being drowned by sound effects and dialogue. But Tiomkin, who gave credit to Bach, Beethoven and Mozart when he accepted his Oscar for *The High and the Mighty*, now says that the idea that film music is something of value is nonsense. "I'm not doing music in pictures," he says. "I'm trying to be part of the picture. When I'm Rachmaninoff, that's when I'll do a concert suite."

SOPRANOS

That's Right, Honey

It was obvious that the girl had talent. She could talk to a television camera as if it were her pastor. She could smile lovingly at a new car and slip into the driver's seat while letting only a proper amount of knee show. She had a Grey Lady's sincerity and a sorority sister's charm. And she earned \$150,000 a year as the Chrysler Girl on television. Then she suddenly an-



COSTA WITH JACK BENNY (1957)

"The obstacles were all against me..."

nounced she was giving it all up for grand opera. That's right, honey, her friends told her, lots of luck.

Last week, after five years on the outskirts of her ambition, Soprano Mary Costa finally made it to the Met, and her debut was one of the rare victories of art over advertising. It was also among the season's most difficult. Without the comfort of a single stage rehearsal in one of opera's most treacherous roles, she sang *La Traviata's* Violetta only three weeks after Joan Sutherland's Met debut in the same role. With La Stupenda's triumph still fresh in mind, the critics expected only a nice try from La Costa. But after a faint and breathless first act, she became the very spirit of Verdi's epic courtesan. "It seemed the obstacles were all against me," she said, "but now I am really thrilled to death."

Mary Costa, 31, had little luck in her first attempts at the stage: she was hampered by a Grand Ole Opry accent learned in her native Knoxville. She quit college after her father's death and helped support her family by singing at women's clubs and speaking the part of Sleeping Beauty in Walt Disney's movie. But soon she was selling cars on TV, where her Greer Garson beauty and Grace Kelly style quickly made her one of the best in the business. She made her opera debut in Los Angeles in 1958 after Jack Benny talked her into taking herself seriously; he would, he said, gladly have junked his career to become a concert violinist if only he had the talent.

Costa has been a star of the San Francisco Opera ever since her debut there in 1959, but her voice has developed remarkably in the past two or three seasons. She is a strong lyric soprano with an agile coloratura range, giving her an easy facility in a wide reach of the soprano repertoire. In New York the critics found it hard to keep their minds on her singing because of her dazzling beauty. The Met, they suggested, could use some dazzlers.



AS VIOLETTA IN MET'S "TRAVIATA"
... now I am thrilled to death."

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FEDERAL EDUCATION

You're in the Classroom Now

At least in theory, it is now possible for a semi-illiterate to enter the U.S. Army and come out a college graduate, with the Pentagon paying 75% of the tab. To apply its fabulous technology, the U.S. military has become an extraordinary teacher of everything from astronautics to electronics to nucleonics to teaching itself. Now the Defense Department even has a Deputy Assistant Secretary for Education. He is Edward L. Katzenbach Jr., a driving man of 44 who runs a \$350 million-a-year empire that spurs learning throughout the armed forces, although it does not control such elite professional schools as West Point and the Naval War College.

The U.S. serviceman now spends 50% to 80% of his time in schools, says a report issued last week by Columbia University's Teachers College. The military has 300,000 students in schools all over the world, from Arctic huts to the National War College. In the U.S. alone are 300 military schools teaching 4,000 courses. From the three-R level to the Ph.D. Even the raw recruit now spends a third of his time in a classroom; the general gets the equivalent of two or three years of graduate study. To keep everyone learning off-duty as well, 33 correspondence schools provide 2,500 mail-order courses to 1,000,000 servicemen and service-women around the globe.

Welter of Waste. Military learning is also balm for the unemployment problem: at least 60% of what the services teach is directly applicable to civilian jobs. Hundreds of thousands of servicemen go back to become everything from auto mechanic to bacteriologist to weatherman. Almost 100,000 men now in the services have been raised to the equivalent of a high school education since they entered—a figure



KATZENBACH



MONTEREY LANGUAGE LAB

EDUCATION

equal to about a tenth of the nation's annual school dropout rate.

Until recently, military education was a welter of waste, duplication and congressional bewilderment. In 1961, Katzenbach was brought in to organize military learning, coordinate it with civilian education. Katzenbach, whose younger brother Nicholas is U.S. Deputy Attorney General, had the right pedigree for both sides. He earned his Legion of Merit as a Marine officer at Eniwetok, his Ph.D. at Princeton. He taught history at Columbia, directed defense studies at Harvard and academic development at Brandeis.

Katzenbach's toughest problem is the U.S.'s ninth biggest school system—the 284 overseas schools serving 161,040 children of military men abroad. He hears bitter complaints from the schools' 7,000 civilian teachers, whose pay has risen only \$100 a year since 1960. But he has three applicants for every vacancy, and is striving hard to standardize everything from grading to accounting.

Katzenbach's happiest operation is the 22-year-old U.S. Armed Forces Institute, a mail-order education factory in Madison, Wis. Proud product of World War II, it has now enrolled more than 5,000,000 students, distributed more than 44 million textbooks. For \$5, the shopper can pick any of 6,400 courses, from elementary through college level: if he completes the first course, the rest are free. College-level courses (now the majority) are provided directly from cooperating colleges, but the colleges are still sticky about credits for nonresidents. One captain has taken enough courses to get a Ph.D., but has not stayed put long enough to get a B.A. "This is a mobile group and the universities have not caught up," Katzenbach complains.

As a partial solution, the services now send officers who are within a semester of a degree to civilian campuses to live at full pay while pursuing fields from physics to philosophy. The Air Academy sends new graduates on to M.I.T. or Caltech for master's degrees; the Army picks 200 enlisted men a year to attend civilian colleges, pays about three-fourths of the cost. The Navy sends

even WAVES off to earn science and engineering degrees, pays four-year costs at 19 colleges and universities.

The drive is on to make every officer a college graduate (about 65% are) and every noncom a high school graduate (about 73% of all enlistees men are). While they sit 80 ft. underground, in ICBM launching capsules, Air Force officers now spend most of their time studying for master's degrees. Katzenbach has stirred the Joint Chiefs of Staff to such interest that now "a big, fat committee" is hard at work relating education to overall strategy.

To help streamline the military, Katzenbach has worked up a new systems management school, helped the Navy start a computer institute to teach the art to all ranks. To educate the military about its impact on society, he has designed new U.S.A.F.I. courses that relate military and civilian technology back to 1750. To teach soldiers "what society thinks of them," he set up another course on 19 war novels, from Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* to Jules Romains' *Verdun*. "You sure are educating us," says one of his majors, who has read six of the novels so far.

Results Count. The military has an equal chance to educate civilian education itself. Service schools have pioneered in everything from training films to programmed instruction. At Long Island's Naval Training Device Center, 600 experts spend \$60 million a year to produce a fantastic array of teaching aids, from mock submarines to simulated human flesh that bleeds on order. The Pentagon is now teaching foreign languages to more than 200,000 students, biggest such Babel in the U.S. In Washington, D.C., and Monterey, Calif., it runs two of the world's most effective language schools—founts of the speak-first, grammar-later method.

Every service now has exemplary teacher-training programs with no nonsense over "philosophy of education" courses. Civilian schools could well emulate the clear, logical, incisive teaching that results. In military teaching, results count, and the motto is unforgetting: "If the student has failed to learn, you have failed to teach."



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SPORT

SKIING

Undeniably a Girl

Most champion women skiers cut a fairly sturdy figure in stretch pants. It is a shame, of course. But a girl who grows up in the Alps is likely to start skiing as soon as she can walk, and by the time she is ready for the Olympics, she bulges with muscles. Europeans have learned to live with such disappointments; they have even learned to expect them. So imagine their surprise last week when Europe's best got trounced by a slim-ankled snow bunny from Oregon who is undeniably a girl.

Mistaken Impression. Daughter of a U.S. forest ranger, Jean Saubert, 21, learned to ski from her father, who took her to Sun Valley, Idaho, for two weeks' vacation once a year. The family settled in Cascade, Ore., just 40 miles from Hoodoo Ski Bowl, and by the time she was 14, Jean was good enough to win the slalom at the National Junior Championship in Reno. But it is a long way from the junior championships to the Olympics, and nobody paid much attention when she finished sixth in the giant slalom at the 1962 Fédération Internationale de Ski championships in Chamonix, France. When she returned this winter as a member of the U.S. Olympic team, many European fans actually were under the impression—from her name—that she was a man. "So-bare?" they said, giving it the French treatment. "Who eez he?"

"He" turned out to be the best woman slalomer in the world. In the "Criterion of the First Snow" at Val d'Isère, France, last month, Jean Saubert (rhymes with "Aw, Bert!") won the giant slalom and swept the women's combined Alpine championship. At Oberstaufen, Germany, two weeks ago, she split two slalom races, winning one and placing third in the second. Last week at Grindelwald, Switzerland, all of Europe's top skiers were on hand for the winter's biggest pre-Olympic competition. When lack of snow forced

cancellation of the downhill race and threatened to wipe out the whole program, the Swiss moved the races to the base of the Eiger, a forbidding 13,036-ft. peak in the Bernese Alps that has claimed the lives of a score of mountain climbers.

"Awful Fast." The courses were icy and treacherous—the worst many skiers had ever seen. On her first run in the special slalom, Jean caught an edge and finished 5 sec. behind France's Marielle Goitschel. "I'll have to go awful fast on the second run," she said—and onlookers gaped as she zipped through the 52 gates in the fastest time of the day, only to be disqualified for missing a gate. That was just a tune-up. Next day, in the giant slalom—a combination slalom and downhill that demands sheer straightaway speed as well as maneuverability—Jean snowed everybody under. Purists noted that her skis were too far apart and not quite parallel as she swooshed through the gates. But they could hardly fault the results: paying no attention to the ice, pumping furiously to get more speed, flipping through the gates so closely that she grazed the poles, Jean flashed down the 1,200-yd. course in 1 min. 37 sec., nearly 2 sec. faster than Runner-Up Traudl Hecher of Austria. Nobody else came within 4 sec. of her time.

"Fantastic," said Toni Sailer, who swept every gold medal in men's Alpine skiing at the 1956 Olympics. "I would bet on her to win at Innsbruck." Paris' *Le Monde* rhapsodized over Jean's "sang-froid," her sureness, her precision, and *L'Equipe* celebrated her "sweetness of manner, happy healthiness, and dazzling smile." Jean was busy

talking about teaching school and joining the Peace Corps, and when people asked her why she skied so much faster than everybody else, she just smiled sweetly and said: "Gee, I don't know. Why don't you ask the others?"

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

"Pressure—That's Our Game"

To most college basketball coaches, happiness is a 7-ft. giant who can reach up and stuff the ball through the basket with his size 15s planted firmly on the floor. U.C.L.A.'s Coach Johnny Wooden, 53, is a flaming radical: only 5 ft. 10 in. tall himself, he was a three-time All-America guard at Purdue in the 1930s, and he still insists that a good little man can beat a good big man—mostly by running him to death. "Pressure," he tells his team. "That's our game. Force them. Force them all the time. Never let up. Pressure. Pressure."

Twelve times this season, U.C.L.A. has walked out on the court outgrown by a couple of inches per man. And twelve straight times, Wooden's team has run away with the game. Last week U.C.L.A. took on its cross-town rival, Southern Cal, dawdled long enough to let the Trojans build up an early lead, then turned on the pressure and romped to a casual 79-59 victory. At the season's midpoint, the Bruins were the nation's No. 1 team and the year's biggest surprise.

Practically Pygmies. U.C.L.A. was not even rated among the nation's top 20 teams in preseason polls. The biggest man on the squad, 6-ft. 5-in. Center Fred Slaughter, is practically a pygmy by today's stratospheric standards. The club's surest shooter (22 points per game), Guard Gail Goodrich, has to stand on tiptoe to prove that he is really 6 ft. 1 in. like the program says. The closest thing U.C.L.A. has to a legitimate All-America candidate is 6-ft. 2-in. Guard Walt Hazzard, who averages 18 points a game, thrills fans with his fancy dribbling and behind-the-back passes—but sometimes plays defense, says a rival scout, "like a spectator." No matter. So far, U.C.L.A. has knocked off such highly touted opponents as Kansas State (78-75), Michigan (98-80) and Illinois (83-79), has averaged 93 points a game and held opponents to 70.

Fans call Wooden "Mr. Run," and critics sometimes scoff at his race-horse-style basketball. "The game of basketball is scoring goals," Wooden shrugs, "and I want my boys to shoot and shoot. When a boy tells me he'd rather pass than shoot, I know there's something wrong with him." Wooden admits that this year's team is something special. "I've had fast teams before, but never one with such quickness."

On attack, the Bruins just do what comes naturally—zip downcourt and shoot. Even the defense is quicksilver. Wooden spent all fall developing a new "zone press"—an attacking defense



JEAN SAUBERT
"So-bare? Who eez he?"



WOODEN (LEFT) WITH TEAM
"Shoot and shoot."

something like pro football's "red-dog." Wooden's defenders begin harassing enemy guards as soon as they reach mid-court, trying to force wild throws, lob passes or bounce passes that can be intercepted. Two weeks ago, the Bruins were trailing Washington State 15-14 when Wooden ordered them into the press. U.C.L.A. opened up a 61-28 half-time bulge, and went on to a 121-77 victory.

Goodness Gracious. The impact of the press is mostly psychological—and Wooden is an old hand at amateur psychology. A onetime high school English teacher and a church deacon whose strongest expletive is "goodness gracious sakes alive," he plasters his office wall with poems, epigrams and posters of his own devising. "It is what you know after you know it all that counts," says one sign. Says another: "Success comes from self-satisfaction in knowing you gave all to be the best you are capable of." Success, too, is something Johnny Wooden knows about: after 16 years at U.C.L.A., he has yet to see a losing season.

SCOREBOARD

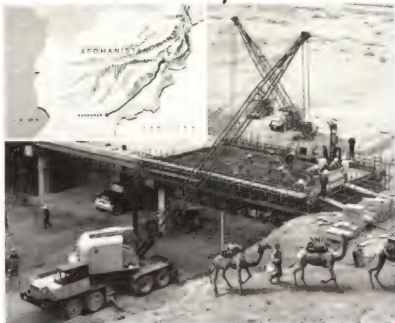
Who Won

► Floyd Patterson, 29: an eighth-round technical knockout over unranked Italian Heavyweight Sante Amonti, at Stockholm, Sweden. Hoping to make a comeback after his two one-round disasters against Sonny Liston, ex-Champion Patterson floored Amonti three times before the Italian gave up the fight.

► Mickey Wright, 28: election to the Ladies Golf Hall of Fame, after winning a record 13 tournaments and \$31,269 on the 1963 pro tour.

► Veikko Kankkonen: the international at Four Hills ski-jumping tournament, a grueling nine-day test over four separate hills in West Germany and Austria, beating Austria's Balduur Preiml for the title with a leap of 320 ft. at Bischofshofen, Austria.

JULY 15, 1961...



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

That Was Weak, That Was

Last season in Britain, the BBC presented a program called *That Was the Week That Was*, a sort of U.K. News & World Report in which a group of bright and biting youths said what they pleased about Parliament, the Crown and current affairs. It was ragged and embarrassingly sophomoric, but it had the stamp of originality, and it became a sizable milestone in British television.

Last week NBC—having been pleased by a trial show broadcast last autumn—began a new weekly series of *That Was the Week That Was* in the U.S., produced by Leland Hayward and written by Robert Emmett and Gerald Gardner. It promised a lot: a live program full of uninhibited topical satire, laced with guts and gaiety and the spirit of no tomorrow. But this side of Menninger's, no one could have dreamed that such a promise would be delivered. The actual result was bland and unfunny, full of toothpicks masquerading as rapiers.

The Pope, according to one lyric, "flew to Galilee across the Apostolic See." Yuk. Chancellor Erhard, someone announced, admirably changed the name of *Unter den Linden* to *Unter den London*. Hah, hah, jawohl. Within the Republican Party there is a "strong underground movement" for Richard Nixon (onto the screen popped an old news photo of Nixon wearing a coal miner's headlamp).

Deftly fusing the activities of Barry Goldwater with the street-corner remarks of Harry Truman, the program delivered this deathless lyric:

Barry goes for Johnson's jugular.

Harry wants to take away MacArthur's star.

If Harry gets any meaner, he can join Jack Paar.

Instead of savage young malcontents, the American program is largely staffed with familiar commercial personalities like Elliot Reid and Henry Morgan flinging around nightclub material that would be tossed out of the thinnest of topical reviews.

There were two glimmers of real humor. One had to do with General de Gaulle's fondness for the possessive—how he likes to say "my bomb, my army, my Europe and even, on occasion, *mon Dieu*." The other was a remark about the virus that has got the best of Prime Minister Alec Douglas-Home. Said David Frost, British M.C. of *That Was the Week That Was* and a guest on the American show: "Hume is in bed with flu, or if you prefer, Hume is in bed with Flo."

NIGHTCLUBS

Randy Mandy Teufelsbraten

In Munich's Eve bar, where the B-girls are affluent and fat businessmen roar like jungle cats, there is always something special for the sex-exotic eye. Maybe a dark-tressed Parisian stripper, full-bodied and beautiful, mounted on a prancing white horse. Or a trainer, three tigers and one notable nude, all together in a cage.

Last week the main attraction was just a singer, without props, and reasonably dressed. But the place was full. Mandy Rice-Davies of London was making her show biz debut.

Playboy Packs. She came onstage trembling, spoke in a whisper, and apologized that in her 19 years she had never used a microphone or appeared before a crowd. Facing the wigged high jinks of Britain had failed to dent her brassbound confidence, but facing this crowd was something else. "Because my name is Mandy Rice-Davies," she had told the avid reporters a few hours earlier, "I have to start at the top. It's twice as hard."

Her face had a pouting innocence, but seemed too small for her long body. Her small blue eyes were cold and sandbagged with mascara. The spotlight glare was hard on her, emphasizing the coarse redness of her plump arms.

Almost inaudibly she began to sing:

A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental.

But diamonds are a girl's best friend. A kiss may be grand, but it won't pay the rental.

Flashbulbs gunned at her, two tableful of old British businessmen bellowed raucous chauvinistic cheers, and Mandy clutched the mike so tight her knuckles lit up. If by nothing else, she was held on her feet by the converging leers of Central Europe's richer playboys, who were there in packs.

No Half Nelson. By the time she got into her second number (*An Englishman Needs Time*), she wasn't trembling any more. She did show, undulous bumps



MANDY RICE-DAVIES

A beginning in a Biergarten.

and highly negotiable grinds, a smile spread round her ice-blue eyes, and she gave quite enough of a hint of the carnal power and consuming ambition that had made her famous. "Ein richtiger Teufelsbraten," shouted a bull-necked German. "A veritable devil's dish."

Flip, relieved, and sassy as ever after it was all over, Randy Mandy Teufelsbraten was suddenly Samantha Showbiz. "I'm going to star in a production of *Fanny Hill*," she said. "Where else could they get someone so ready-made for the part?" She also disclosed her ultimate ambition: "I want to be another Lady Hamilton."

And who might her Lord Nelson be? "I haven't found the right chap yet. But he certainly would have to be taller than Nelson."

BROADWAY

The Divine Whiff

What precedes is unbelievably dull. And what follows is worse. But right in the middle of Broadway's *The Girl Who Came to Supper* there is a scene that stops the cold show—and for at least a full minute the audience regularly whistles and braves and claps itself silly for a 208-pound actress named Tessie O'Shea.

Tessie is a cockney peddler of fish 'n' chips who has been plopped into the show's continuity to provide flavorful exterior background to the otherwise indoor London setting of Terence Rattigan's story about an American girl and a Carpathian prince. With a big straw hat over her blonde hair, her clothing a rag sonata of browns and purples, her feet, encased in high bottom shoes, kicking up to show legs that would flatter a Tottenham Court soccer player, she belts out a medley of Noel Coward cockney songs—*London Is a Little Bit of All Right*, *Saturday Night*



HENRY MORGAN

An opener of no tomorrow.

at the *Rose and Crown*—that ring all the bells of Shoreditch.

Raucous, sentimental, funny and bawdy, 49-year-old Tessie O'Shea is—as an admirer has described her in a dressing-room telegram—"a divine whiff of the Palladium." As the Sophie Tucker of British vaudeville, she is as familiar as a pint of mild in every corner of the United Kingdom, but she has never before appeared in the U.S. Her family was part of the Irish wave that settled in Cardiff and built its docks, but by the time she was born her father had solidly established himself in the newspaper-distribution business. She was "a little fat kid with an enormous voice," and the eternal shortage of comedienne was so acute that she appeared in the Bristol Hippodrome as a professional performer at the age of ten.

Her act hasn't varied much since. She sings (sometimes with a partner), plays a banjo at breathtaking speed, and tells ad-lib stories. Between engagements, she has an oddly energetic pastime for a 15-stone woman who coyly says "I'm about ten pounds overweight": she goes off with her musical director and longtime friend Ernest Wampola (a Viennese doctor of music) on camping trips in the bush country of central Africa, where she fishes and photographs game. She has caught tiger fish in the Chobe River in Bechuanaland and fat, Dark Continent catfish in Southern Rhodesia's Lake Mellwane. Last summer, from a distance of less than 60 feet, she photographed a lioness chewing up the carcass of a wildebeest.

With relatives in Massachusetts, she has long had a tropism for the U.S. and has always wanted to live here. Now she probably will, since a new show-biz circuit is open to her. She has a twinkle of accomplishment in her eye when she remembers that during her first go at the Palladium "my name, it was down amongst the wines and spirits—the way it is here at the moment."

FRIDMAN VOICES



TESSIE O'SHEA

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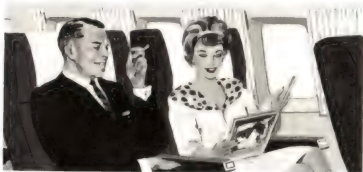
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IT WILL TAKE YOU MORE PLACES by allowing airlines to give you jet service to thousands of areas where none is available today. That's because the DC-9 can operate profitably with fewer passengers and land at smaller airfields than any jetliner now in service.



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IN THE AIR OR OUTER SPACE...

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Some timely advice to people who want to sail ahead financially

(BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET LAUNCHED)

If you're like most of us, you've given up the idea of being the richest man in town. But, chances are, you're still very interested in how you can get the things you need for yourself and your family. Doing this may be easier than you think.



In your lifetime, you'll probably borrow more money than you'll save. (Most people do.) Counting home loans, appliance loans, car loans, college loans, personal loans, and you-name-it loans, your savings and your day-to-day budget just aren't built to carry this kind of a load.

A suggestion to the wise, then, is this: Borrow where you pay a *low* rate of interest. And that's where "Full Service" banks come in.

"Full Service" banks lend money at rates generally lower than anywhere else. They're in business to make any kind of legitimate loan you can request. (On a \$2,000 loan, for example, you could save as much as \$100 in interest charges.) If you get your loans anywhere else — excluding rich relatives—you're probably paying a good deal more for them.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Here's a step-by-step plan for getting a good bank in your corner. It seldom fails if it's started early.

1. Pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it *all* your banking business. This includes all of your checking and savings accounts.

2. Get on a nod-and-smile basis with one or two of the people in the bank.

3. When you need extra cash, take out one of the bank's low-cost loans instead of dipping into your savings. Pay it back with impressive punctuality. (This proves you're serious.)



That's all. Almost before you realize it, you're a small pillar of the community. Your credit rating is A-1. You've got yourself a live financial partner who's ready with useful financial advice. And you're in the enviable position of being able to set up larger loans for your more important goals.

Don't wait around for tomorrow's ship to come in. Get launched with the help of a "Full Service" bank today.



**Your Full Service
Commercial Bank**

A "Full Service" bank is the only place offering such banking conveniences as savings accounts, checking accounts and low-cost loans, all under one roof.



U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Another Run for the Record

The first comprehensive sales figures for Detroit's 1964 models came out last week, and they confirmed that the auto industry is off on its third big year in a row. In 1963's last quarter, when the '64s were introduced, sales rose to a record 2,059,291, and more cars were sold last month than in any other December in history. The industry last week scheduled production at 178,639 cars for the week, an 11% rise over last year. Detroit's performance helped push the Dow-Jones industrial average to a new record of 776.55 as the stock market recorded seven consecutive daily gains before easing at week's end.

In an industry in which a 1-point rise in a company's share of the market can mean 70,000 more auto sales and an additional \$150 million or so in gross revenues, the new figures also showed what kind of quarter each company had and which companies stand to benefit most from the auto boom. Though there were no revolutionary changes in Detroit's 1964 models, it was clear that new styling paid off at the expense of cars that had only modest styling changes, and that the U.S. consumer has moved even further toward larger, more expensive cars.

• **GENERAL MOTORS.** By selling 1,122,050 autos in the last quarter, General Motors lifted its already commanding share of the market half a point to 54.5%. G.M. rose chiefly on the sales of its big, restyled Buicks, Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles. Also aiding G.M.'s rise were its new intermediates, the Pontiac Tempest and the Oldsmobile F-85, which were last year's compacts but have been made larger and more luxurious for 1964. Chevrolet's handsome new intermediate, the Chevelle, has quickly carved out its niche in the market, but

it seems to have done so at the expense of its smaller brothers, the Chevy II and Corvair, whose sales have dropped sharply.

• **FORD.** Reversing a two-year decline, Ford edged up from 26.1% to 26.4% on 543,463 autos sold. The big factors in Ford's comeback: the restyled, standard-sized Galaxie and the Comet, another '63 compact that was given longer, more flowing lines for '64. Ford's attractive new Thunderbird and roomier Continental are also selling well, but the preference for new looks and larger autos has dented sales of its little-changed intermediate Fairlane and compact Falcon.

• **CHRYSLER.** Even while setting a fourth-quarter record of 263,345 autos, Chrysler managed only to maintain its 12.8% market share. It was able to hold its own chiefly because of big sales of its handsome, restyled standard Dodge and because of quick public acceptance of its completely new Imperial.

• **AMERICAN MOTORS.** Though its sales (113,827) also set a company record, American Motors dropped from 6.2% to 5.5% of the market. Its problem was that, with only smaller-sized autos to sell, it missed out on the upswing in large-car sales. The company hopes to correct the situation by adding about 10 in. to the wheelbase of its '65 Ambassador line.

• **STUDEBAKER.** With its U.S. production phasing out in the fourth quarter, Studebaker sold only 16,432 cars for a minuscule .8% of the market.

The quick start of the '64s made 1963 a record sales year: including foreign imports, 7,500,000 auto sales were registered in the U.S. last year, breaking the 1955 sales record by 300,000. The auto industry's expectation for 1964: at least the third 7,000,000-car year in a row and perhaps another record year as well.

DEFENSE

The Battle of Change

President Johnson's talk of economy may please most businessmen, but it sends a chill through the \$20 billion defense industry, where the President has indicated that he intends to take most of his budget savings. In the second half of the 1960s, the current \$51 billion defense budget is expected to drop to about \$45 billion—about where it stood three years ago. Though the deep effects on the industry are still in the future, both businessmen and the Government are showing increasing concern about what defense companies will do as Government spending levels off.

Some companies are already working on the problem—but the Government believes that the industry as a whole is not worried enough about it. Washington has set up several study groups to look into the possible impact of cutbacks on the economy, and the Pentagon has sent Deputy Assistant Defense Secretary Arthur Barber burnstorming the nation to prod management. Said Barber to a group of defense industry executives in Boston last week: "What you have got to face is that the markets you're in are going to diminish, and that you've got to create new products."

Hardest Pinch. Some defense companies insist that continued international tensions and the need for ever newer weapons will make any severe defense cuts impossible over the long haul. The Pentagon argues that major cuts are possible, points out that heavy spending to develop basic weapons systems is over and that further outlays will be mainly for modifications to update them.

Since future Pentagon outlays are apt to go to big, well-managed firms that can afford to invest in cost-saving methods, small companies will be pinched hardest. Hundreds of tiny subcontractors

HOW THEY SOLD

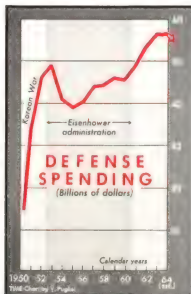
	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963*
General Motors	3,699,120	3,024,286	2,683,365	2,157,443	2,543,089	2,869,799	2,724,009	3,599,473	3,810,000
Ford	1,908,736	1,694,108	1,818,169	1,230,394	1,698,814	1,749,302	1,670,459	1,824,864	1,880,000
Chrysler	1,206,195	922,043	1,096,359	647,932	682,791	921,337	631,762	666,900	926,000
American	136,753	115,105	117,330	186,373	363,372	422,273	370,685	423,104	426,000
Studebaker	147,864	104,798	67,754	47,798	133,382	106,244	72,155	77,877	65,000
TOTAL U.S. CARS	7,111,443	5,857,061	5,775,515	4,275,997	5,427,144	6,077,885	5,476,125	6,599,703	7,120,000
Volkswagen	28,907	50,011	64,242	78,225	119,899	159,995	177,308	192,570	233,000
Renault	—	2,425	22,586	48,050	90,536	62,772	44,122	29,763	22,500
Triumph	—	2,347	6,366	16,225	22,922	17,720	11,683	15,967	20,200
Volvo	—	1,605	6,907	14,000	18,468	13,926	12,787	13,157	14,100
Mercedes-Benz	—	3,021	3,446	8,300	13,739	14,435	12,903	11,075	9,800
TOTAL IMPORTS	58,465	98,187	206,927	378,517	614,131	498,785	378,622	339,160	380,000
TOTAL CAR SALES	7,169,908	5,955,248	5,982,342	4,654,514	6,041,275	6,576,650	5,854,747	6,938,863	7,500,000

* Estimated new-car registrations.

tors, many of them in the vulnerable electronics industry, will be hurt if prime contractors are forced to do more work themselves to keep their own shops busy. As for the big contractors, their main worry is that the spending slowdown will hobble the growth rates they want to keep up.

Many defense companies have already begun to hedge against the future by concentrating more on the space program and other nondefense Government projects, but the most obvious solution is to turn defense skills to producing civilian products. Lockheed has in the works such diverse products as fuel oil registers, highway bridges, ferries, boats, salt-water anticorrosion systems and new metal alloys. Republic Aviation has signed up to build the British Hovercraft air-cushion vessel in the Western Hemisphere, and Boeing and Grumman are both experimenting with hydrofoil boats. Sperry Rand's defense engineers have produced a machine tool that is run by a computer, and Glendale's Electronic Specialty Co. is diversifying into heating and ventilating equipment. Ampex Corp. has reduced its military business from 62% of sales to 30% by bringing out a new line of hot consumer audio and video tape-recording products.

Not So Easy. Spurred by these examples, many other firms are conducting studies to seek out their best civilian niche, but they are finding that it is a big turn from a space-age military product to an item for industry or the consumer. One major obstacle is that defense companies have neither the marketing nor the production facilities to switch over smoothly even to limited civilian goods. Such problems only harden the conviction in both industry and Government that the search must be pushed vigorously if the defense industry is to win the battle of change.



CORPORATIONS

Packing It Away

Americans are eating more meat than ever before, and the \$14 billion meat-packing industry is patting its tummy with satisfaction. This year Americans will consume more than 32 billion lbs. of beef, pork, veal and lamb, or 170 lbs. per person. The meat packers are ready for the rush. The past few years have been lean ones for the industry, which suffered from inefficiency, slowness to change, and overcapacity created by allegiance to outdated methods of processing and marketing. But the meat packers have learned to adjust to a new era of supermarketing and new methods of livestock-raising. No company has learned better than Chicago's Armour & Co., the nation's second biggest meat packer (after Swift) and its most aggressive. Last week Armour reported earnings of \$16.3 million on sales of \$1.8 billion, three times its profit of five years ago.

Beef to Impress. Butchering still accounts for 80% of Armour's sales, but the business has changed vastly since Philip Danforth Armour, with \$2,000,000 earned from short selling barrels of pork in the Civil War, helped make Chicago the hog butcher for the world. Big-city slaughterhouses, geared to seasonal rushes and stretches of idleness, have been replaced by busy little "country" abattoirs closer to such cattle towns as West Point, Neb., and Worthington, Minn. Meanwhile, since supermarkets buy out of Chicago and a few large centers, Armour has steadily closed down a quarter of the distributing plants that it once needed across the U.S. to serve 250,000 corner groceries. With farmers finding increasingly better ways to raise meat animals, Armour now can slaughter all year instead of just in the winter rush.

Chopping hard, Armour has cut its physical plant by 42%, but has managed to maintain its sales rate and increase its gross margin, the meat packers' measure of profit. At the same time it has geared its buying and processing to what Americans like rather than to what is merely available. The amount of pork eaten by Americans has remained remarkably steady for 40 years, but lamb is declining everywhere except in New England, New York and Los Angeles. The real advance is in beef eating, which has risen 77% since 1940. "After all," explains Armour Chairman William Wood Prince, 50, "when a fellow takes a girl out and wants to impress her, he buys her beefsteak."

Armour in recent years has pushed both modernization and diversification to make use of almost everything in an animal but its squeal. Most of its processes, from skinning to tinning, are now controlled by buttons, and new byproducts have led Armour in promising directions. From bone meal, it has moved strongly into all types of fertilizer. Ten-



ARMOUR'S BACON INSPECTION LINE
Girls prefer steak.

tative steps into pharmaceuticals with pepsin from hog stomachs have led to a line of non-meat products that includes tranquilizers and cosmetics. Excursions into soapmaking to utilize fatty acids produced Dial soap, got Armour so interested in the grocery end that it now even makes pizza pie. Diversified Armour has been reorganized into seven divisions.

Adopted at 30. The man responsible for the company's success is Billy Prince, a brash, bouncy executive who reads poetry in his spare time, once wanted to be a schoolteacher. Prince had an unusual debut into meat packing. Born William Wood, he was adopted at 30 by Cousin Frederick H. Prince, an 81-year-old Boston banker who had no sons he thought able to take over his \$150 million holdings. At Prince's request, Billy Wood took his cousin's name and a trustee's job, supervised a spread of trusts that eventually included 353,000 Armour shares. When Armour foundered a few years back, he moved from nervous board member to nagging president, got the company on its feet in six years. Prince, now chairman but still chief executive, is satisfied that the meat packer with the modern look has diversified enough. He aims to get a bigger share of the broad fields that Armour has invaded.

MERCHANDISING

Caveat Emptor

It seems an irresistible bargain. The folder that arrives in the mail offers to sell a \$41.50 transistor radio for only \$12.50, or perhaps a blender worth \$49.50 for only \$19.50. The notice is on official-looking paper of the kind that is usually sent out by claims adjusting firms assigned to liquidate the stock

of a bankrupt company at distress prices. Every week more than a million similar notices, offering everything from Bibles to binoculars, go into mailboxes across the U.S.—and every week thousands of people bite at the bait.

The trouble is that the bargains usually turn out to be something quite different. That transistor radio not only did not cost \$41.50, but can actually be bought at retail for less than \$10; though the ads make the blenders out to be a high-quality product, they are inferior models retailing for \$12. By taking on names and trappings that made them sound like legitimate liquidators (who often do sell at distress prices), a new breed of mail order firm has made pseudo liquidating one of the nation's most successful selling rackets, condemned by the Federal Trade Commission as "the hottest method of merchandising" around.

Too Hot. Last week the bogus liquidators were hotter than they wanted to be. New York State's attorney general won a court order dissolving a Manhattan firm with the impressive name of U.S. Liquidators Inc., which had sold 16,000 cheap transistor radios that it claimed were drastically marked down for liquidation; the company was fined \$500 and forced to refund the price of all its unfulfilled orders. And more action is on the way. The F.T.C. plans to take steps against another operator next month, and the U.S. Post Office is seeking indictments of two others for fraud and misrepresentation.

About a dozen such firms are now in operation, most of them clustered around Los Angeles and bearing imposing names. Last year they grossed \$11 million, and one firm alone sent out 10 million brochures. To get names, they at one time or another have rented the mailing lists of the major U.S. credit card companies.

Soapy Come-On. They buy much of their cheap merchandise from Japan, and imply that it is a name brand by advertising the items as, say, Norelco-type shavers or Remington electric can openers. When they actually offer something like an RCA TV set, they never have enough in stock, merely take a customer's deposit and bury him in an avalanche of form letters until he tires of trying to retrieve his payment. Some have offered a come-on of ten boxes of Tide detergent for \$1.97; what often arrives is an unknown soap brand and an additional unrequested item with a C.O.D. bill.

The idea of setting up such mail order firms is the brainchild of George Campion, 37, now the president of California's American Claims Adjusters. Campion has worked through several differently named liquidator firms since he began several years ago, has a long string of arrests for petty crimes and fraud. Investigators suspect some kind of informal link between Campion and his many copiers.

TECHNOLOGY

Shooting the Works

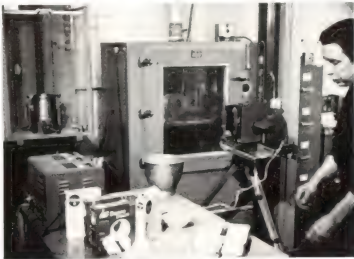
Researchers in the labs of Monsanto Chemical Co. have learned to turn out a mouth-watering layer cake, but it is better to look at than to eat. Baked right into it are a quartz rod and a telescope. These two ingredients make it possible for a Kodak movie camera posted outside the glass oven door to take pictures of just what goes on inside a baking cake. Monsanto, a producer of leavening agents for cake-mix companies, designed the study to discover the best leavening combination for each mix. Its experiment is just one of the hundreds of ways in which the camera is poking its prying lens into everyone's business, and proving to be one of industry's most useful tools.

Cameras now work on assembly lines, inside missiles, in farm fields and in beauty parlors, saving their users mil-

reason for a thread break. General Dynamics located the cause of a hydrogen valve failure in the Centaur space vehicle by setting a Fairchild camera to watch it at simulated flight speeds.

Cameras are used for production, protection and sales. IBM uses photographs to make printed circuit boards for computers, and McDonnell Aircraft saves \$28 and 15 man-hours on each engineering layout by using cameras for reproduction. As a protection against forgers, cameras snap pictures of people who cash checks in supermarkets and banks. Newark's Beauty Industries Inc. uses an instant-picture Polaroid as a sales tool, photographing a beauty parlor's client and then overlaying different hair styles on the photo so that the customer can see how she will look.

High Spy. Sharp-eyed aerial cameras, such as those that enabled the U-2 to chart thousands of square miles of the Soviet Union, have also moved



MONSANTO'S CAKE-WATCHING CAMERA

Also good for stopping a light beam or watching timid Indians.

lions of dollars and hundreds of man-hours. They range from giants that can photograph full-scale engineering layouts to high-speed models with liquid shutters that can take pictures at the rate of 100 million a second and stop a light beam in mid-air. In only five years the sales of cameras and supplies to industry and government have jumped from \$360 million to \$630 million, almost half the entire business of the \$1.4 billion photographic industry.

Catching Bugs. One of the most profitable uses of the camera is in finding bugs in machinery that moves faster than the eye can see. International Harvester takes pictures of the workings of its farm equipment at the rate of 5,000 a second to study how it can improve its design. Ohio's Mead Corp. photographs the flow of fibers in papermaking to keep a check on quality, and other rapid-fire cameras stand duty at the looms in textile mills to spot the

into the realm of commerce. They spot diseased trees in a lumber company's forest, take a quick inventory of grapes while they are still on the vine, measure the size of a coal stockpile for a utility company and point to the best spot for a coal miner to dig in. The Southwest Research Institute in San Antonio even takes aerial-type shots of a steer, then analyzes the animal's "hills and valleys" to get an accurate reading of how much meat is on his bones.

A camera built by Hughes Aircraft will probably be the first to explore the moon's surface, and cameras are also reaching far back into the past. A nine-lens aerial spy produced by Itek will soon begin searching out ancient Mayan and Incan ruins in the jungles of Mexico and Guatemala. It will also be used to study the behavior patterns of a timid tribe of Mexican Indians—believed to be direct descendants of the Mayans—by spying on them from 20,000 ft. up.

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Uncommon Authority

Continental Europe's ailing steel industry, already plagued by overcapacity, has been seriously jarred by a recent invasion of cut-rate steel from Japan, Austria, Britain and the Iron Curtain countries. Since the Common Market's steel producers have the right to align their prices to the lowest import offer, they have cut them to unprofitable levels to meet the new competition. Last week, in a protectionist move that contrasts with recent tariff-cutting efforts, the tariffs on steel imports into

tional ministers, and French Minister of Industry Michel Maurice-Bokanowski left the Brussels conference room with the other ministers exclaiming: "This means a death knell for the whole European steel industry."

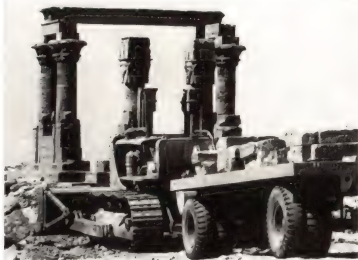
Not quite. While the Dutch and Italians exulted, the Coal and Steel Community's High Authority, which has the power to overrule its member nations, hastily met. It took only 15 minutes before High Authority President Rinaldo Del Bo, himself an Italian, emerged to announce that "with deepest regret" the High Authority had found it "indispensable" to raise the

these relics out of the cliffside and lift them, piece by piece, to be assembled on a higher location, where the waters will not reach them when the High Dam is completed in 1970 at Asswan, 180 miles downstream.

International Army. The German engineers work for Hochtief, a hustling Essen-headquartered construction firm that is West Germany's largest. They are only the vanguard of what will be an international army of engineers drawn from Italian, Swedish, French and Egyptian construction companies. The job, whose feasibility was first worked out by the Swedes, will take seven years and cost \$25 million; the expense has been largely met by contributions from the U.S., Kuwait and UNESCO. The overall boss of the international effort is 89-year-old Hochtief, whose name literally means "above below"—a reference to the firm's construction activities both above and below ground.

Hochtief seems to spell success in any language. War-torn Germany was a rebuilder's dream, and Hochtief's sales rose sixteenfold from 1945 to 1962. But that era is over, and Germany's construction boom has slowed down; the industry contented itself with only a 3% increase in business last year. Hochtief grew twice as fast as that by rapidly expanding its foreign enterprises, raised its sales to \$150 million last year. Says Wilhelm Hartmann, 55, who is in charge of foreign business and is expected to take over the firm next year: "We must continue to break our geographical boundaries." Hartmann looks to Asia, Africa and South America as places where future projects will be big enough to interest Hochtief. Besides the temple job at Abu Simbel, Hochtief has eight other major foreign projects on hand, ranging from a harbor in India to power plants in Buenos Aires. In the postwar period, the firm has completed \$200 million worth of foreign construction, including India's first big steel plant, an imperial palace near Teheran and Athens' new Hilton hotel.

Self-Interested Aid. Hochtief now does nearly 25% of its business abroad—and Hartmann sees no reason why it should not do more. German firms, he feels, have a special advantage in sensitive new nations, because Germany has not been a colonial power since World War I. German firms also benefit from the self-interested way in which Bonn hands out foreign aid. Hochtief got a leg up for the big Abu Simbel project by winning a smaller, but highly important contract to move an ancient temple at Kalabsha that was also threatened with flooding from the Asswan dam. Hochtief won that contract last year after Bonn lent the Egyptians \$1,500,000—on the condition that a German firm would get the job.



HOCHTIEF EQUIPMENT AT KALABSHA TEMPLE
Snatched from the Nile.

the Common Market were raised to a standard 9% (they now range from 4.5% in The Netherlands to 9% in Italy). What made the hike all the more remarkable was that members of the Common Market had disagreed so long and so furiously about it that the supranational European Coal and Steel Community, which is made up of the same six nations but has remained autonomous, stepped in and imposed its own decision on them.

In several meetings over the last two months, France, Belgium, West Germany and Luxembourg have argued strongly for the hike—though the French and Germans disagreed over whether it should be subject to change in the upcoming round of tariff negotiations with the U.S. But Italy and The Netherlands wanted none of it. High-tariff Italy sees no reason to expose its steelmakers to the same competition as the others face. With very little steel of its own, The Netherlands naturally wants to keep prices low. The Dutch-Italian intransigence completely deadlocked last week's meeting of the na-

tariff on steel. That gave the higher-tariff backers the right to put the new rates into effect immediately, although those that oppose them can still appeal for a judgment by the Common Market's Court of Justice. The court could overrule the High Authority's decision only if it found that the Authority had violated the mandate set down in its founding treaty, but has no power to rule on the decision's merits.

WEST GERMANY

Above, Below & Everywhere

On the banks of the River Nile, at a spot not far from the Sudan, crews of lean German engineers last week unloaded their heavy earth-moving equipment, unfurled their geological maps, and began plotting the most daring construction job undertaken in Egypt since the Pharaohs built the Pyramids. Carved in the sandstone cliff above the Germans' camp are the 3,300-year-old monuments of Abu Simbel—two cavernous temples and ten mammoth statues built by Ramses II. The job: to cut

ARGENTINA

Stocks in the Boondocks

In the remote reaches of the Argentine pampas, the only stock that most inhabitants have known for years comes live and four-footed. But Argentine stock salesmen—the portfolio kind—know that back-country men have money too, much of it stashed away in drawers or secret hiding places. They have learned how to rope and brand it. When a securities salesman stopped his car outside a doctor's office in Córdoba province recently, an old man in rags stuck his head through the car's open window. "How much are the Ledesma shares?" he asked. The surprised salesman quickly quoted a price. "I'll take 7,000," the man replied, and produced a bank statement that proved he could afford it.

Idle Cosh. The company that is introducing stocks to the Argentine boondocks is the Deltec organization, a many-faceted (paints, petrochemicals, motor scooters), hemisphere-ranging investment house that specializes in Latin American finance. Deltec set up and controls an affiliate known as Valardel, formed to tap idle cash in the hinterlands, where owners have had little to invest in except land. Deliberately staying out of the big cities and concentrating on rural customers, Valardel has sold stocks in twelve Argentine companies, including a steelworks, several auto firms and a paper maker.

Valardel's boss is Deltec Vice President Julio Nuñez, 38, a Cuban-born U.S. citizen who was educated at Georgetown and Harvard Law, served as assistant U.S. Attorney in the Eisenhower Administration and was tapped

to prosecute the Puerto Rican nationalists who, in 1954, shot up the Congress. Operating out of a Buenos Aires office decorated with a scarlet rug, wildly abstract art and carved African statuettes, Nuñez has set an ambitious goal: to make Valardel the Merrill Lynch of Argentina. "We have reached the point," says reform-minded Nuñez, "where it is necessary to prove not only that private initiative can make possible sound development but that the private sector can gain self-confidence through its ability to get a job done."

Higher Purpose. Nuñez' 45 salesmen are on the road five days a week to earn about \$125 a month in commissions, an average salary for Buenos Aires white-collar workers. They use compelling means to part the country people—many of them prosperous from land and cattle—from their idle money. One that works best is flashing an early 100-peso bill bearing the signature of Eusebio Campos, a former Argentine Central Bank official. "That man," the salesman says, "is now one of our directors"—and he is.

By design or accident, Valardel is breathing the first sobriety into a financial atmosphere that has never known much but get-rich-quick schemes, boom and bust. It has re-established underwriting as a service for Argentine corporations for the first time since Juan Perón squeezed private underwriters out of business 17 years ago. And from the standpoint of Argentine companies, the stock sales are an excellent hedge against future expropriation; the small investors who consider a company theirs constitute an effective vote bloc.

SPAIN

Big on His Own

In his quick rise to riches, Spain's Eduardo Barreiros Rodriguez, 44, could never be accused of taking the easy way. A poor and nearly illiterate boy, Barreiros fought in the Civil War as a gunner for the Franco forces. He later lost four fingers in factory accidents. As a struggling contractor and later an engine builder, he neither sought nor received help from any of Spain's snobbish financial combines. He was a loner, a hard worker and an audacious plunger. Now he is Spain's biggest private businessman, heading a \$200 million industrial empire that employs 15,000 workers. "He is not a man," complains a competitor. "He is an avalanche."

No Limits. Barreiros now has interests in 23 companies. His diesel engines are used by truckmakers in Spain, Portugal and Latin America. His fuel pumps, springs, gears and electrical equipment find their way into markets across the world. From his assembly line outside Madrid annually come 6,000 trucks, 5,500 tractors and 200 buses. Backed by Gulf Oil money, he is building 460 service stations across Spain. So pleased is Chrysler with its deal to have Barreiros turn out Dodge



BARREIROS & TRUCKS
Rising from the people.

Darts in Spain that it has increased its investment in Barreiros Diesel to \$19 million, which gives it 40% of the company's stock. "It's hard at first to get in tune with them," says Barreiros of his U.S. partners. "But once mutual trust is established, there is no limit to their ingenuity, imagination and drive."

Barreiros might have been describing himself. Just after World War II, he got a job paving five miles of dirt road in his home village of Orense. Hooking a sweeping contraption of his own to an old truck, he found that he could prepare the road for paving in practically no time, soon earned a reputation for reliability and thoroughness as well as for speed. Before long, he had a small business in converting gasoline engines to diesels, but what he did not have was a good diesel design to fit Spanish needs. After losing a bid to make British diesels in Spain, Barreiros found that F. Perkins Ltd.—the British company that had turned him down—had never registered its diesel patent with the Spanish patent board. Barreiros took advantage of a 1922 Spanish law allowing anyone to register an unregistered foreign patent as his own, began making diesels himself.

Friendly Strolls. In a country where political friendships usually help businessmen get ahead, Barreiros is surprisingly free of such ties, has met Franco formally only a few times. After 18 years in business, Barreiros still puts in as many as 14 hours daily on the job, breaking his desk-work routine with friendly strolls along his Villaverde assembly line. "They know I'm the boss," says Barreiros, "but they know I can work with my hands just the way they do. This makes them feel pretty good, and it makes me feel good too."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Jerry Lewis, 37, cinecomedian; and Patti Lewis, 37; their sixth child, sixth boy; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Marriage Revealed. Doris Duke, 51, "the richest girl in the world"; and Joseph Armand Castro, 36, nightclub piano player; she for the third time; in Providence on July 6, 1956, and again (for reasons unknown) in Philadelphia on Feb. 6, 1960, a union long rumored but never confirmed by either before Castro sued for divorce in Los Angeles last week, demanding \$5,000-a-month alimony.

Divorced. Richard Bolling, 47, Democratic Congressman from Kansas City, a Kennedy Administration stalwart but currently in hot water with Johnson for refusing to return from vacation for the recent foreign aid vote; by Barbara Stratton Bolling, 53; after 18 years of marriage, one child; on grounds of mental cruelty; in Reno.

Died. Jefferson Davis, 44, New Orleans dockworker who on Nov. 5 received two chimpanzee kidneys to replace his own hopelessly diseased organs; of pneumonia; in New Orleans. Davis' new kidneys operated well, but the immunity-suppressing drugs given him lowered his resistance, and a holiday cold turned into pneumonia.

Died. Frank Cleary Hanighen, 64, journalist who in 1934 with H. C. Engelbrecht wrote *Merchants of Death*, an exposé of World War I munition cartels that helped spark the 1934-36 Senate investigation into war profiteering, provided powder for isolationists; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. William August Bartholomae, 70, California oilman, rancher and yachtsman, a onetime drillfield roughneck who hit oil on a smidgeon of unwanted California land after World War I, branched into gold mining, cattle ranching, real estate, becoming so rich estimates run all the way up to \$40 million that his third wife last year won a \$5,500,000 divorce settlement; of knife wounds in the abdomen (police hooked Bartholomae's brother's Spanish-horn sister-in-law on suspicion of murder); in the kitchen of his \$500,000 mansion at Newport Beach, Calif.

Died. Julius Raab, 72, Chancellor of Austria from 1953 to 1961, chief architect of its postwar independence, a lumbering, folksy engineer-turned-politician who in 1955 talked the Soviets into withdrawing troops from their zone of the partitioned country in return for a promise of neutrality, thereafter cut income taxes, stabilized the schilling, turned thriving Austria into a highly persuasive advertisement for capitalism; of a lung embolism; in Vienna.

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History. Current events. Things still to come.

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LIFE

BOOKS

Dream Us, O Lord

THE LONE HERETIC by Margaret Thomas Rudd. 349 pages. University of Texas. \$6.50.

There was never a man who thought better of himself than the philosopher Miguel de Unamuno. Even in Spain, his ego was a marvel. "Years after you have left my classroom," he told his students, "you will have forgotten what I may teach you, but you will never forget me." When the King of Spain pre-



UNAMUNO
To life, say yes.

sented him with a medal for his writings, Unamuno said only: "I deserved it." When his fellow philosopher Ortega y Gasset suggested that they collaborate on an educational scheme, Unamuno turned him down: "What you are proposing in this plan is that I be the head and you the spirit. Well, let me tell you that in my plan, I shall always be the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

Noble Desperation. But in a humbler moment, Unamuno once confessed that his egotism sprang "not from pride, but from terror of extinction." Unamuno feared death above everything, and because he did, he cherished human life with a passion found in few other philosophers. His was a kind of exalted pragmatism: he believed it was the duty of philosophy to console mankind, to make life easier to live. Philosophers, he wrote in his masterpiece, *Tragic Sense of Life*, should follow the example of Socrates, who gave a courtesan so many useful tips she invited him to become her pimp. Philosophy, Unamuno declared, is "spiritual pimping."

Like Kierkegaard, Unamuno spent a lifetime wrestling with religious belief. He believed in God, but he felt that no rational proof of God is possible: "It is not rational necessity, but vital anguish that impels us to believe in God." Life, he concluded, is a ceaseless struggle be-

tween reason and faith. Never sure of the truth, man becomes desperate, but this desperation is "the noblest, most profound, most human and most fecund state of mind."

Unamuno wrote five novels to illustrate the eternal struggle of human existence. And just as the author relies on his characters to clarify his message, so does God rely on human beings. If the characters of a novel are the product of an author's dream, writes Unamuno, may not human beings be God's dream? Man's profoundest prayer is to continue to exist: "Dream us, O Lord."

Dance of Death. Unamuno believed in "inherited griefs." All his own griefs have been conscientiously catalogued in this biography, although his thoughts have been muddled. The son of a well-read merchant, Unamuno was born in 1864 in the town of Bilbao in the lush green Pyrenees, but the scenery was not consoling. Even as a tyke, he meditated on death. His most vivid childhood memory was of the slaughterhouse, "its tiled floor streaming with water and blood and those women who seemed to dance a silent, ritualistic dance, heating out with their feet the blood of the slain cattle."

To conquer his fear of death, Unamuno mortified flesh and mind. He scampered daily up a nearby mountain, refused to wear a coat in the winter, plowed through philosophical works that were too formidable for most of his elders. By 16, he was ready to enter the University of Madrid, where he tackled all subjects and became a non-stop talker. After graduation, in fact, he talked himself out of one university job after another because he could not resist showing off his knowledge. One person always willing to listen was a gentle girl named Concha whom Unamuno had known from childhood. Concha married Unamuno and bore him nine children. Unamuno believed in the divinity of sexual love.

Reason Kills. Unamuno finally won an appointment to the University of Salamanca, where a faithful band of students doted on him. "My one desire," he told them, "is not to give you ideas of my own or of others; ideas have little value—but to strike the untouched chords in the psalters of your hearts." But he struck others where it hurt, since he believed that people thought best when they were angrier. Addressing the clergy, he praised heretics. Speaking to Communists, he ostentatiously crossed himself, shouting "Christ be praised!" He challenged all parties and creeds and was never worried about contradicting himself. "If someone should organize an Unamuno party," he said, "I would be the first 'antunamunist.'"

When the mild dictator, Primo de Rivera, came to power in 1923, Unamuno attacked him mercilessly. Rivera finally packed Unamuno off to the Canary Islands, where he enjoyed a com-

fortable exile and turned out 103 sonnets. When Rivera was ousted in 1930, Unamuno returned to Spain. But he found the new republic no more to his taste. He welcomed Franco's rebellion, adding that civil war would be good for Spain. In 1936, just before his death, he turned against Franco.

Unamuno's countrymen adored him without ever quite understanding him. And Unamuno, in truth, is not easy to understand. Words often poured from him in a formless rush; he was hostile to reason. The pure rationalist, he insisted, is no more fit to comment on life than the eunuch is fit to judge a beauty contest. In *Tragic Sense of Life* he wrote, "The mind seeks what is dead, for what is living escapes it; it seeks to congeal the flowing stream in blocks of ice. In order to understand anything, it is necessary to kill it."

Unamuno put his trust in human passion, and even his driest philosophical speculation is passionately alive. On the other hand, Unamuno failed to see that passions can lead to sheer brutality, as they did in the Spanish Civil War. Unamuno liked to compare himself to Don Quixote in his contradictions and paradoxes, and his critics have accepted the analogy. "He was refined and savage," said one, "modern and medieval, with the unctious of an apostle and the wisdom of a picaresque, a man in whom all the defects and virtues of the Spanish race seem to culminate."

Ruthless Is as Ruthless Does

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD by John le Carré. 256 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.50.

What is it really like to be a cold war spy? A deluge of fictional spy thrillers has done little to answer the question. Now along comes a one-time Eton schoolmaster, David Cornwell, 32, who some three years ago joined Her Majesty's Foreign Office "to get into the swim," and writing under an assumed



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name seems to have told all in one of the best spy stories ever written. Even if John le Carré's book isn't authentic, nobody except another certified spy can be sure; and it has the merit of sounding chillingly true. Following the grim trials of Le Carré's hero, a fiftyish cold war warrior named Alec Leamas, a reader is likely to break into a sweat and thank God he isn't in Leamas' shoes.

Leamas has killed many a time. He has just seen his entire network of East German informers systematically rubbed out by a Communist espionage team directed by a monster named Mundt. Then, back in London, Headquarters asks him to join an elaborate plot that he believes is aimed at killing Mundt.

But his intelligence organization openly wonders if Leamas is up to such a job. "Tell me," his boss asks him, "are you tired of spying? . . . In our world we pass so quickly out of the register of hate or love—like certain sounds a dog can't hear. All that's left in the end is a kind of nausea; you never want to cause suffering again."

Sickness unto Death. A proud and laconic man, Leamas is outraged by such chatter. Gruffly he shakes off the question and takes the job. Dutifully he deteriorates in public; getting himself fired from his position in London, drinking heavily, finally brawling his way into a term in jail—all to give him proper credentials for becoming a defector to the East. In private, he begins creating the character he is about to play, a projection of his own personality that must, nevertheless, be proof against self-betrayal by a natural impulse, a personal habit. Grafting a novelist's perceptions to the taut skills of a suspense-tale writer, Le Carré slowly reveals that Leamas' superiors were right—he is literally sick to death of spying.

Shifting his story from London to Berlin and then deep into East Germany, Le Carré proves a deadpan master at invoking darkness at noon in the crocodile world of international espionage. Violence and the threat of violence are the least of what Leamas faces in the grillings he gets from Red agents; more exacting is the deeper psychological game of expected challenge and predictable response, in which the slightest false intonation of fact or voice can bring disaster.

A Fillip of Fable. A weirdly serpentine coil of plot suddenly reveals Leamas as an expendable actor in a play within a play whose final scene his superiors in London have cruelly chosen not to tell him. Beyond this, the book offers a small fillip of fable. Spies in the West, where individual life is held precious, vaguely hone that a just cause may absolve a man from responsibility for violence. But in the end Le Carré's secret agents, on both sides, are themselves as ruthless as the acts they perform. Few of them face the fact. In their world, Le Carré suggests, half of staying alive depends on staying numb.

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The Deluge Revisited

TWO BY TWO by David Garnett. 144 pages. Atheneum. \$3.50.

Elaboration of ancient fables has always been a fascinating literary exercise—particularly because a fable, if it is classic, sends the imagination soaring far beyond its own spare telling. Thomas Mann got four dense volumes out of exploring the emotional and theocratic implications of a few chapters in the Bible describing Joseph's sojourn in Egypt. With less weight but more easy charm, British Author David Garnett has done the same thing with the story of Noah and his ark.

Garnett's heroines are 14-year-old twin sisters, Fan and Niss, who have



DAVID GARNETT
A lark on the ark.

managed to stow away aboard the ark. Noah is a bearded, wine-guzzling patriarch who, during 20 years of building the ark, has never lost faith that he "walked with God." When the townspeople jeer him, Noah thunders: "God will sweep you all away, but He loves me and my children for we are His servants."

Then, as G. K. Chesterton put it:
*The cataract of the cliff of heaven
fell blinding off the brink
As if it would wash the stars away
as studs go down a sink . . .*

In the sisters' airless quarters with the animals, the stench becomes overpowering, but outside the smell is worse: surrounding the bobbing ark is an endless expanse of bloated, rotting human corpses. Once, the ark floats over what must have been a large city, for "the inhabitants had surfaced with much of their household furniture: there were tables, chairs, bedsteads, washtubs . . ." When the ark at last comes to rest on Mount Ararat, the twins slip away with one of Noah's grandsons, Gomer, into a lonely and devastated world.

British Author Garnett insists that his novel "was conceived as a frivolous

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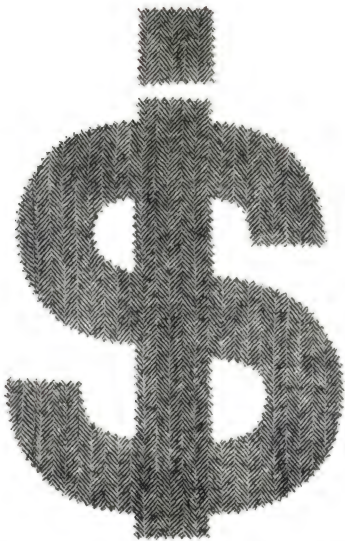
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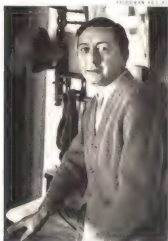


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glow upon the most charming story in the Bible." But he concedes that "a parable kept pushing its way in." The nightmarish horror surrounding the ark, he suggests, conjures up the specter of modern-day thermonuclear destruction. And Noah collaborated with God in the destruction of all other life, leading to the question of how many potential nuclear-age Noahs, who fancy they have a direct line to God, are extant.

Surveying the sea of corpses, Niss asks: "What's Noah getting out of it?" "Everything," answers Fan. "An obscure drunkard in a hick town in Palestine whom everyone laughed at has his revenge on his neighbors, and becomes the sole progenitor of the world to be. You can't beat that."



WARREN MILLER

Down from the Kingdom Come Motel.

Will THEY Never Come?

LOOKING FOR THE GENERAL by Warren Miller. 203 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95.

"Has Hubert Humphrey ever raised anyone from the dead? Who are these people down in Washington that we should place our lives in their care?" The speaker is Billy Brown, a dissident space-project physicist, and not since Humbert Humbert toured America with Lolita, strewing outrageous verbal brickbats along the way, has a zany voice like Billy's been heard in the land.

Of course, he is quite mad. With a heart torn by *Angst* for the decadence of the age, and a head full of apocalyptic hope, Brown keeps waiting for men from space to land on earth and solve all our problems with their miraculous source of power and wisdom. Through a mysterious, never elucidated grapevine, he gets word that the landing may soon occur in the tiny desert town of Twelvcpalms, Arizona. Quitting his job and dodging inquisitive security men, he rushes off to meet THEM.

Fish from on High. In a style that can best be described as satiric slapstick fantasy, Author Miller follows



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Brown's progress westward, abetted by a bizarre underground network of folk who believe as he does. To these cultists, the impending space visitors are far from the familiar three-eyed monsters of science fiction. Instead they are a race of supermen, perhaps descended from the inhabitants of the lost island of Atlantis (they were thought to have possessed flying machines, and so might have migrated to another planet). With mad logic, Brown's fellow fantasists have built a fabric of proof by linking together all manner of telltale occurrences, past and present—the disappearance of a man here, a successful experiment in levitation there, flying saucers, of course, and reports of fresh fish falling inexplicably on land (obviously droppings from space aquariums).

The superrace has even, upon occasion, secretly sent one of its number to earth. "She volunteered," explains one old man as he describes the Virgin Mary's role in the Nativity, "And we killed the boy! Killed the boy! Who could have saved us all. He was one of them, Billy; I am absolutely convinced He was one of them." During a service at the new Church of Christ, Astronaut, which Brown attends along the way, the preacher exhorts his flock to behave better or else: "When we get there, to the Kingdom Come Motel, there will be banners reading NO EARTHMEN NEED APPLY."

Hold Out! Hold Out! A general takes a patriotic view. He wants to enlist THEM in the cold war. "We've got to make contact," he says. "Bring them in on our side. If they shared with us, told us all they knew . . . we'd be unbeatable." A small-town barber, who is planning to meet THEM by building a giant Jacob's ladder to heaven, raves on like a real estate developer. "Four soaring arches spanning the state," he proposes, "topped by a golden lattice-work of jointed metal. Build it up in easy stages. Hydraulic elevators. Restaurants and resthouses at every five-hundredth level."

Filtered through the mad wit of Billy Brown, these grotesque gyrations sometimes threaten to spin out of control into pure centrifugal farce. But at his best Novelist Miller has come close to creating a comic epic celebrating the funatic fringes of a genuine American phenomenon—a young nation's yearning for final answers and impossible perfections, its fears that a great dream has somehow been laid waste in the pillaging of a rich continent for material well-being.

Inevitably the Second Coming at Twelvemalms is a fiasco, attended largely by crackpots ("You know, the ones who write books about their trips to Venus"). No one scorns them more than Brown. But, like them, he cannot give up his obsession. "I'll save (I will) this apple world," he says at last, "this sweet nut, this beauty, beauty. Ah, listen, hear the bugle blow. Beleaguered pioneers, hold out! Only hold out!"



**A loaf of bread,
a jug of wine and**



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